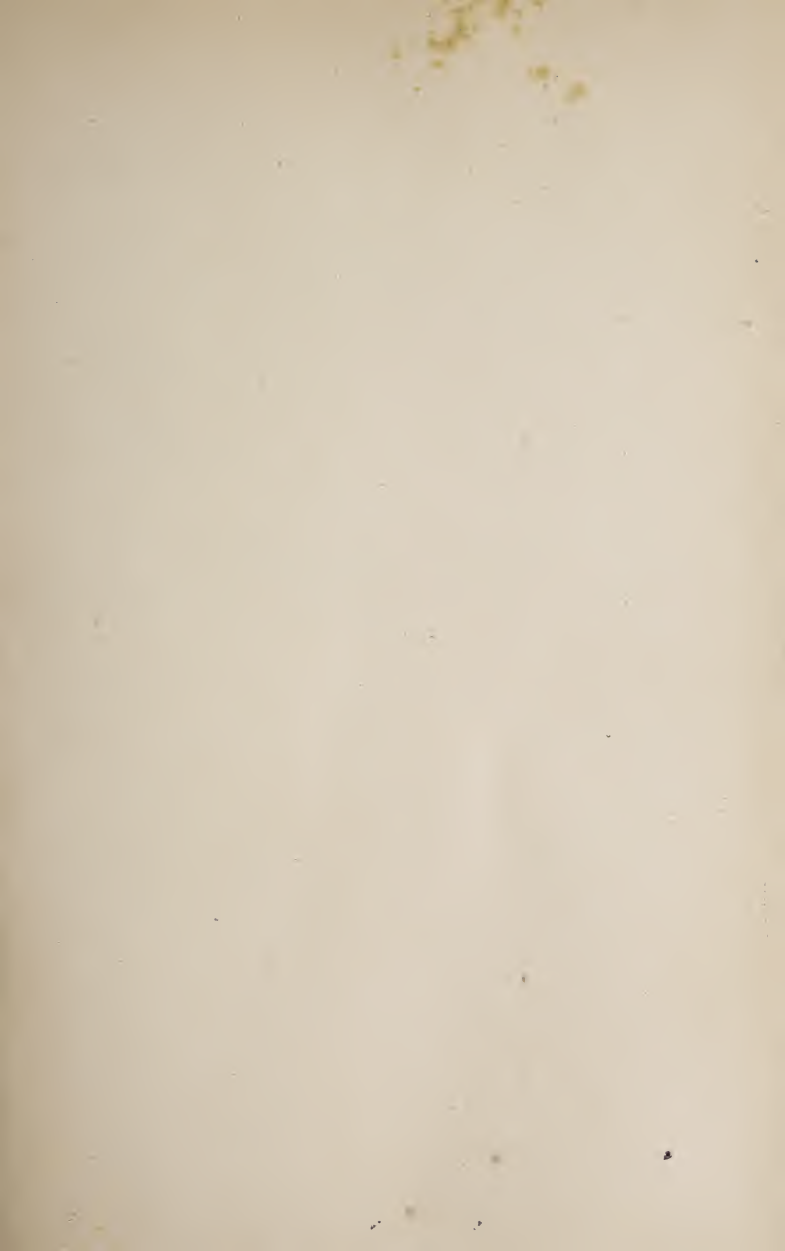
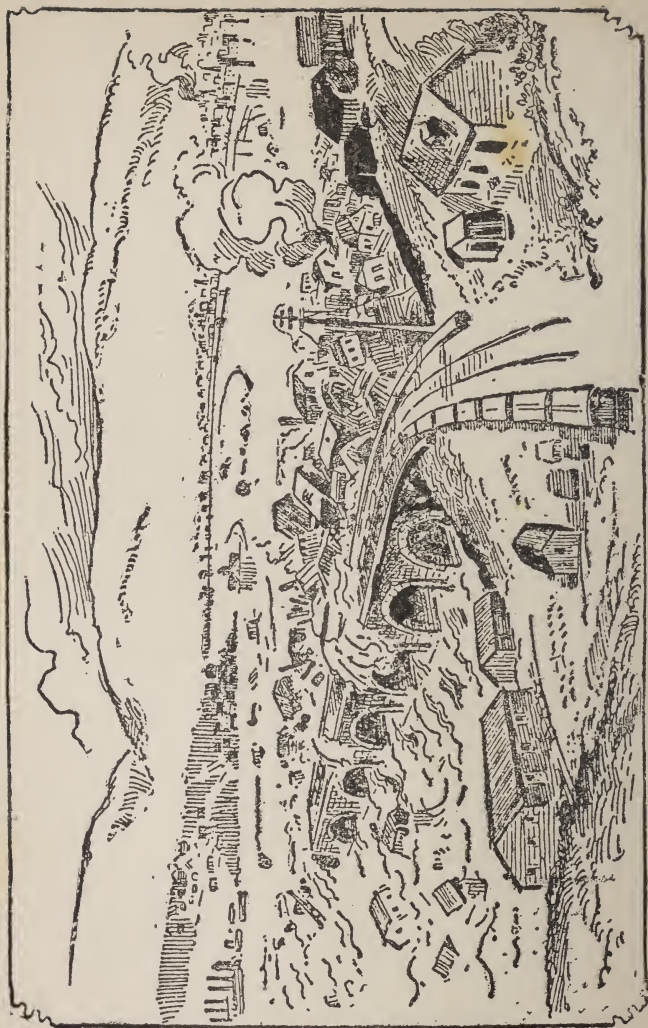


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THE JAM AT THE JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE.

HISTORY  
OF THE  
GREAT FLOOD  
IN  
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,  
MAY 31, 1889,  
BY WHICH OVER  
TEN THOUSAND LIVES WERE LOST.

Illustrated.

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J. S. OGILVIE, PUBLISHER,  
57 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK; 182 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.



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## PREFACE.

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IT is not often that the pen of those whose duty it is to chronicle the events of our world have to write such facts as are given in this work.

It is a well-known fact that writers of history sometimes draw upon their imagination to present thoughts as they would wish ; but it is entirely superfluous in this case, as any fiction that could be written would not equal the awful reality of this great disaster.

The facts here given are written by eyewitnesses, and are true ; and it has been thought best, in preparing this work, to have it in narrative form, and as given from day to day. Never before have the people of this country had the opportunity to display such generosity as has been shown. Millions of dollars in money, and other millions of dollars' worth of provisions, clothing, and all necessaries of life, were freely given by all classes—the poor laboring man and woman contributing from their scanty income gladly, and the millionaire giving freely and liberally from his abundance.





# THE GREAT FLOOD

*IN JOHNSTOWN, PA., MAY 31, 1889.*

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## THE STRICKEN TOWN.

JOHNSTOWN is a post-borough of Cambria County, Pa., on the Conemaugh River, and on both the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio Railroads. It is thirty-nine miles west-southwest of Altoona and seventy-eight miles east by south of Pittsburg. It is the eastern terminus of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, and is the most populous town in the county, having over 10,000 inhabitants. At Johnstown is located the immense works of the Cambria Iron Company, which gives employment to nearly two thousand men in the manufacture of iron and steel rails for railroads. Johnstown has a National bank, several savings institutions, printing-offices which issue several daily and weekly papers, sixteen churches, several tanneries; flour, planing, and woollen mills. The manufacture of wire, cement, fire-brick, and leather is also carried on. The town also has a convent and an academy.

## HOW THE HORROR OCCURRED.

### THE WATERS OF A GREAT LAKE POURED DOWN ON MANY TOWNS.

A disaster unparalleled in the history of the country occurred at Johnstown, on the Conemaugh River, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of May 31, 1889. From all that can now be learned, as all telegraph wires around Johnstown are down, the reservoir or dam at South Fork, above the town, broke its banks, which had been overflowed by the heavy rains of the last two days, and an immense volume of water rushed down upon the city, sweeping everything before it and leaving death and destruction in its wake. At a late hour to-night reports from the vicinity of Johnstown say that at least 500 people have been drowned; and the loss of life may be even greater.

The people of Johnstown had been warned of the impending flood as early as 1 o'clock in the afternoon; but not a person living near the reservoir knew that the dam had given way until the great flood swept the houses off their foundations and tore the timbers apart. Escape from the torrent was impossible; and it is now said in the latest reports that have been received, that hundreds of persons were drowned and their bodies carried down the swollen Conemaugh.

## HUNDREDS OF FLOATING BODIES.

Communication with Johnstown is impossible ; but the telegraph-operator in the Pennsylvania Railroad tower at Sang Hollow, a station twelve miles this side of the flooded town, reports to the road's officials here that he counted at least seventy-five bodies as they floated down the river past the tower. This news, about the first that was received of the flood, was thought to be greatly exaggerated; but the later reports received and given out by the Pennsylvania road's officials supplement the operator's statement. They say now that 200 bodies were counted as they were swept along the river near Johnstown alone; while news from other places along the road's line shows that 200 would be a small estimate of the dead. It is asserted that there are but two houses in Johnstown proper that are entirely above the water-line.

As soon as the news of the flood and consequent deaths were received here, the Pennsylvania Road's men made up a special train to go to the scene of the terrible disaster. The cars were filled with officials and newspaper-men ; and a force of telegraph repair men and operators, with the necessary implements, went along to reopen communication with Johnstown. The first despatch from those on this train came from Braddock's, Pa., the telegraph wires being down absolutely for six or seven miles below the immediate scene of the disaster, and, being in unworkable shape for three or four miles' distance, it was at least 7.30 o'clock before an accur-



ate outline of the effect of the tidal wave could be learned.

#### ONE OUT OF A FAMILY OF SIX SAVED.

At Sang Hollow, at 7.45 o'clock, a boy was rescued by men in the signal tower of the railroad company. The boy's name is unknown, but he said that with his father, mother, brother, and two sisters he was swept away in the light frame house which was their home. He was washed away from the building, but said the other members of the family were in it when it was swept over the breast of the new stone railroad bridge at Johnstown; that it capsized a few seconds later and they were all drowned so far as he could tell.

The railroad operator at Sang Hollow now says that before dark he and others were able to count 119 persons clinging to buildings, wreckage, or drowned and floating in the current. If this information is to be credited, the damage in the town proper must be in the nature of a clean sweep. When warning was sent to Johnstown that there was danger from the dam, the railroad officials were notified, and in a very short time began to carry people from the town to places of safety on regular trains and hastily improvised rescuing-trains.

#### WHERE THE RESERVOIR WAS.

In order to understand the nature of this calamity, it is necessary to describe the location of the reservoir at Johnstown. The reservoir is on the site of the old lake, which was one of the feeders of the

Pennsylvania Canal. It is the property of a number of wealthy gentlemen in Pittsburg, who formed themselves into the corporation the title of which is the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club. This sheet of water was formerly known as Conemaugh Lake. It is from two hundred to three hundred feet above the level of Johnstown, being in the mountains. It is about three and one-half miles long and from a mile to one and one-fourth miles in width, and in some places it is 100 feet in depth. It holds more water than any other reservoir, natural or artificial, in the United States. The lake has been quadrupled in size by artificial means, and was held in check by a dam from 700 to 1000 feet wide. It is 90 feet in thickness at the base, and the height is 110 feet. The top has a breadth of over twenty feet.

Recognizing the menace which the lake had to the region below, the South Fork Club had the dam inspected once a month by the Pennsylvania Railroad engineers; and their investigation showed that nothing less than some convulsion of nature would tear the barrier away and loosen the weapon of death. The steady rains of the past forty-eight hours increased the volume of water in all the small mountain streams, which were already swelled by the lesser rains earlier in the week. From the best information obtained at this time, it is evident that something in the nature of a cloudburst must have occurred just before the water broke through the embankment.

The course of the torrent from the broken dam at the foot of the lake, to Johnstown, is almost eigh-

teen miles; and with the exception of at one point, the water passed through a narrow, V-shaped valley. Four miles below the dam lay the town of South Fork where the South Fork River empties into the Conemaugh. The town contained about 2000 inhabitants. It is said that four fifths of it has been swept away.

Four miles farther down on the Conemaugh River, which runs parallel with the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was the town of Mineral Point. It had 800 inhabitants, 90 per cent of the houses being on a flat and close to the river. It seems impossible at this time to hope that any of them have escaped.

Six miles farther down was the town of Conemaugh, and here alone was there a topographical possibility of the spreading of the flood and the breaking of its force. It contained 2500 inhabitants, and must be almost wholly devastated.

Woodvale, with 2000 people, lay a mile below Conemaugh in the flat; and one mile farther down were Johnstown and its cluster of sister-towns—Cambria City, Conemaugh Borough—with a total population of 30,000. On made ground and stretched along right at the river verge were the immense iron-works of the Cambria Iron and Steel Company, which has \$5,000,000 invested in the plant. Besides this, there are many other large industrial establishments on the bank of the river.



## THE DÉBRIS ON FIRE.

The tracks west of Johnstown are at some points entirely carried away and the roadbed gone. The river for some distance above the bridge is filled with buildings and drift forty feet high, which is on fire and likely to damage the bridge, which is of stone. The fire is beyond control. Johnstown is literally wiped out.

## FLED PANIC-STRICKEN TO THE MOUNTAINS.

A special report from Greensburg, not far from Johnstown, confirms the story of the disaster. It says that those who escaped the flood fled panic-stricken to the mountains. At a point near New Florence eighty-five persons have been seen floating down the river on driftwood. One report comes that but two roofs of the houses in Johnstown can be seen. The Covetown and the New Florence bridges have been washed away. All the buildings along the Conemaugh between New Florence and Johnstown have been carried away, and the railroad towers have been abandoned by the operators.

At Caketown, a village of several hundred inhabitants, the houses are almost entirely covered, and a great many dwellings at Blairsville are submerged. Scarcely a dwelling in the vicinity of Sang Hollow can be seen. The bridges at Bolivar and Nineveh, it is reported, have given way, and that at Saltsburg, it is feared, will be carried away. People at Greensburg who have friends in the flooded district

are eagerly waiting for news at the telegraph office, and great uneasiness prevails. The river at Livermore is rising and great destruction will follow.

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## 10,000 DEAD!

### JOHNSTOWN BLOTTED OUT BY THE FLOOD.

TWO THOUSAND BURNED TO DEATH IN THE WRECK.

*All Approaches Cut off—Hundreds of Corpses Floating Down the Conemaugh and Allegheny—Awful Scenes Along Their Banks—All the Towns and Villages Along the Line of the Torrent Annihilated—Thousands of People Carried Down to Death Amid the Débris—Hundreds of Bodies Found on the Flats After the Waters Had Subsided—The Wreckage at Johnstown Swept up Against a Bridge; and After an Acre of Material Had Accumulated, a Fire Broke Out—People on the Wrecked Houses Roasted Alive, While Those Who Jumped into the Flood Met Certain Death—Deeds of Heroism Reported—Floods in Other States Causes Immense Destruction—Relief for the Sufferers.*

PITTSBURG, June 1.—The awful catastrophe at Johnstown is by all odds the most stupendous fatality ever known in the history of this country. The latest reports from the scene of horror put the loss

of life at 10,000. On Friday, the city of Johnstown was a prosperous place with a population of more than twenty thousand: to-day it is a wreck, buried beneath the waters. The horrors of the affair are absolutely too great to be realized unless by those who have seen the ruined houses, the scattered families, the bodies of the dead swept away by hundreds, and the heart-rending anguish of the living. The entire smiling valley of which Johnstown was the centre presents to-day an awful aspect. Ten thousand people are reported dead

The survivors are left without food or shelter, beggared at a single stroke, and exposed to great privations. An appeal has been made to the people of Pittsburg to send immediate succor to the sufferers.

Johnstown, before the flood, was located at the foot of a valley which at that point is little more than a gorge. It lies in a point of land between Conemaugh Creek and Stony Creek, as Pittsburg lies between the Monongahela and the Allegheny. Stony Creek and Conemaugh Creek come together there and form the Conemaugh River. The stone railroad bridge spans the Conemaugh River just below the town. The massive stonework stood firm—fatally firm. The big lumber boom up Stony Creek burst at an early hour this morning, and the rushing water hurled its thousands of logs into the flooded sections of Johnstown and Kernville Borough, lying just across the creek. It was worse than a bombardment of heavy artillery. The foundations were already undermined, and the heavy logs crushed through houses as if they had

been built of paper. The flood swept everything clean as it went ; and while great masses of wreck were carried away down the river, through the wild mountain gorges, so much of it caught on the bridge, and the hill which above the bridge curves back from the river, that a dam was formed and the water backed still farther up into the town.

At 5 o'clock Friday evening, a rush of water came roaring into Johnstown. It poured down Conemaugh Creek in a great wave—like a wall of water sweeping everything before it. The immense iron-works of the Cambria Iron Company, employing 7000 men (the second largest iron-works in this country), were buried out of sight, except the roofs and chimney-tops, and those soon began to crumble and disappear under the battering of the floating timbers. Half the town seemed to be lifted from its foundations and swept away at once. The town was now afloat. Many had taken warning and fled to the higher ground, but thousands of men, women, and children were swept away, their heart-rending cries rising above the crash of the smashing houses.

#### FIRE ADDS ITS HORRORS.

The mass of wreck, water, dead bodies, and drowning people rushed down into the mouth of the gorge. The stone bridge stood firm as the hill. The wreck caught on the masonry. It thickened into a dam. It clung to the bridge and the hollow of the hill. It gathered strength with every piece of wreck, and every body that was crushed into it,



RELIEF STATION. GENERAL HASTINGS' HEADQUARTERS.





and bound them all together into a tangled wall, closing up half the outlet towards which the waters hurled their flood. House after house added its wreck to the heap until it formed a tangled mass from thirty to sixty feet thick, rising high above the water and stretching back three fourths of a mile along the curve of the hill.

From some unknown cause, probably an overturned stove, the upper part of the wreckage caught fire. At first it burned slowly, and a long line of smoke was seen slowly mounting into the air. It looked to those who witnessed the scene from the opposite bank of the Conemaugh as if a funeral pyre had been lighted; and it was indeed that, for on the mass of houses and other wreckage were crowds of men, women, and children. They had remained in their almost destroyed homes, thinking it was better to remain there than to trust themselves to the rushing waters. When they saw the timber on fire, they realized their awful situation, and their screams were soon added to the awful chorus of horror. They were literally roasted on the flood.

Before the fire burned itself out, other buildings and their half-drowned inmates were thrown against the mass. Thus the terrible scene was repeated. Then the fire suddenly went out, the ruins parted, broke up, and were swept under the bridge into darkness.

## THE VALLEY TOWNS ANNIHILATED.

Pittsburg is absolutely mad with excitement. Every hour brings fresh news of disaster. The wildest sort of rumors are afloat; and the estimates now being made place the loss of life far up in the thousands. John Hay, a railroad employee, declares that escape for the people in the valley was absolutely impossible. The towns were actually annihilated. He says that no less than 6000 persons have perished. The vast majority, he thinks, were drowned like rats in a trap. Those who escaped from their houses were dashed against obstructions and killed. The weaker ones were drowned in the attempt to escape.

Railroad men generally express the opinion that the corpses seen floating do not represent one twentieth of the victims, whose bodies will not be discovered until the waters subside. Whatever information is obtainable comes from the railroaders, and that is meagre enough. Inquiries are pouring in by telegraph from all parts of the country wherever a telegraph wire can be reached, and the offices are being besieged with great throngs of people.

## HE CONFIRMS THE STORY OF THE FIRE.

Supt. Hayes, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who reached Pittsburg this morning, tells a horrible story. "Fully fifteen hundred people were roasted to death, and the half-crazed survivors were powerless to aid them. I do not think the number is ex-

aggerated, although it is impossible to speak with any degree of certainty. A floating mass nearly half an acre in extent came rushing down on the torrent and was dashed with frightful violence against the viaduct. Hundreds of persons were swept into the raging flood and drowned. A few regained their places. Suddenly a flame shot into the air and there was a mighty wail of agony. The *débris*, composed of shingles, roofs, and parts of frame houses, had taken fire. The flames wrapped around the miserable, shrieking wretches, and they were slowly roasted to death. Nothing more horrible could be imagined. Many of them threw themselves into the water and were drowned or dashed to death against the floating houses or ground under the surface, and suffocated.

#### TOOK OUT ONE HUNDRED BODIES.

Edward Pitcairn, a trainmaster on the Pennsylvania Railroad, took out more than a hundred dead bodies at Nineveh. Most of them were women, many very young and pretty girls. A mother was found clasping her twin babes close to her breast. An old, gray-haired man and a young woman, evidently his daughter, were found pinned between the roof of a house and a hogshead. They were clasped in other's arms. In a ten-acre field where the water had subsided, seventy-five corpses were found. Of this number fifty were women and twenty were young girls. It is estimated that there are more than 200 dead people on the bottom-lands covered with *débris*.

## HEROES AND HEROINES OF THE FLOOD.

Edward Deck, a young railroad man of Lockport, saw an old man floating down the river on a tree trunk, with agonized face and streaming gray hair. Deck plunged into the torrent and brought the old man safely ashore. Scarcely had he done so when the upper story of a house floated by, on which Mrs. Adams, of Cambria, and her two children were both seen. Deck plunged in again, and, while breaking through the tin roof of the house, cut an artery in his left wrist, but, though weakened with loss of blood, he succeeded in saving both mother and children.

J. W. Esch, a brave railroad employee, saved sixteen lives at Nineveh.

At Bolivar, a man, woman, and child were seen floating down in a lot of drift. The mass of débris commenced to part, and by desperate efforts the husband and father succeeded in getting his wife and little one on a floating tree. Just then the tree washed under the bridge and a rope was thrown out. It fell upon the man's shoulders. He saw at a glance that he could not save his dear ones, so he threw the means of safety to one side and gripped in his arms those who were with him. A moment later the tree struck a floating house. It turned over, and in a second the three persons were in the seething waters, being carried to their death.

An instance of a mother's love is told at Bolivar. A woman and two children were floating down. The mother caught a rope and tried to hold it and



her babe. It was impossible; and with a look of anguish, she relinquished the hold and sank, her two little ones clasped in a grip that soon proved one of death.

C. W. Hoppenstall, of Lincoln Avenue, East End, Pittsburg, distinguished himself by his bravery yesterday afternoon. He was a messenger on the mail train which had to turn back at Sang Hollow. As the train passed a point where the water was full of struggling persons, a woman and child floated in near shore. The train was stopped, and Hoppenstall undressed, jumped into the water, and in two trips saved both mother and child.

"At 3 o'clock in the afternoon," said Electrician Bender, of the Western Union, "the girl operator at Johnstown was cheerfully ticking away that she had to abandon the office on the first floor because the water was three feet deep there. She said she was wiring from the second story and the water was gaining steadily. She was frightened and said that many houses around were flooded. This was evidently before the dam broke, for our man here said something encouraging to her, and she was talking back as only a cheerful girl operator can when the receiver's skilled ears caught a sound of the wire made by no human hands. The wires had grounded or the house had been swept away in the flood, no one knows which now. At 3 o'clock the girl was there; and at 3.07 we might as well have asked the grave to answer us."

Mrs. Chambers was swept away when her house at Apollo, Pa., was wrecked during the night. She had gone to bed before the flood came, and had

not time to dress. Fortunately, she managed to secure a hold on some wreckage which was being carried past her. She kept her hold until her cries were heard by some men a short distance above Leechburg. They got out a boat and succeeded in rescuing her. She was badly bruised, and all her clothing had been torn off her by the débris with which she had come in contact. Word has just been received here from Natrona, twenty-three miles from Allegheny, that a woman and two children were taken out of the river at that point about 9 o'clock. One child, an infant, was almost dead, and is not expected to recover. It is thought these were the women and children seen to pass Leechburg early this morning.

#### RECOVERING THE DEAD.

The first body carried to this city was rescued from the water at the Sixth Street Bridge about 10 o'clock to-day. The body is that of a woman about sixty years of age, weighing 200 pounds or more, 5 feet 2 inches in height, with gray-black hair. When found, the body was nude. A number of persons have called at the Morgue to see if they could identify the remains, but as yet she has not been recognized. In addition to the body found, a number of others have been seen, but, on account of the density of the wreckage, it was impossible to reach them. The rescuers went out in force in skiffs and ventured among the floating débris, even to a dangerous extent, in their search for bodies.

## SEEKING THEIR LOVED ONES.

The first train for New Florence was crowded with people from Pittsburg and places along the line who were going to the scene of the disaster with but little hope of finding their loved ones alive. Rich and poor were on board that train, all thinking of but one thing, and that was, "What will we see?" Not a dry eye was in the train: mothers moaned for their children: husbands paced the aisles and wrung their hands in mute agony: fathers pressed their faces against the windows and endeavored to see something that would tell them in a measure of the dreadful fate that their loved ones had met.

All along the raging Conemaugh, the train stopped, and bodies were taken on the express car, being carried by the villagers who were out along its banks. Swollen corpses lay here and there on piles of ties, or on the river banks in the tangled greenery. It was about 10 o'clock when the first passenger train since Friday came to the New Florence depot, with its load of eager passengers. Each had a mission. Among them were many foreigners, who had lost friends near Nineveh. Two of the passengers on the train were a man and his wife, belonging to Johnstown. He was quite dignified and more or less self-possessed; she was anxious and tried hard to control her feelings. From every newcomer and possible source of information she sought news.

"Ours is a big new brick house," said she, with

a brave effort, but with her brown eyes moist and her lips trembling. "It is a three-story house, and I don't think there is any trouble; do you?" said she; and without waiting for an answer, she continued with a sob, "There are my four children in the house and their nurse, and I guess father and mother will go over to the house; don't you?"

In a few moments all those in the car knew the story of the pair, and many a pitying glance was cast at them: Their house was one of the first to go.

Just before reaching Sang Hollow, the end of the mail line on the Pennsylvania Railroad, is the "S. O." signal tower; and the men in it told stories of what they saw so piteous that one could not listen to half of it.

#### TRAINS PENNED IN AND PASSENGERS DROWNED.

Information was received to-night, at the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of a frightful disaster to two of the through trains from Pittsburg, which have been supposed to be safe at Conemaugh.

Assistant Supt. Trump telegraphs from Blairsville Junction that the day express east-bound from Chicago to New York, and the mail train from Pittsburg, bound east, were put on the back tracks in the yard at Conemaugh when the flooded condition of the main tracks made it apparently unsafe to proceed farther. When the continued rise of water made their danger apparent, the frightened passengers fled from the two trains to the hills near by. Many, in their wild excitement, threw



WHERE THE DAM WAS.

JOHNSTOWN, THE STRICKEN CITY.  
(25)



themselves into the raging current and were drowned. It is supposed that about fifteen persons lost their lives in this way. When Supt. Trump reached Conemaugh, he immediately gathered together the remaining passengers of the two trains and had them conveyed to Ebensburg by wagon, a distance of about ten miles. These survivors are now at that place. The conductors of the trains went with the passengers to Ebensburg; and the Pullman conductor, who is supposed to have a list of those under his charge, is there also. It was impossible to give the names of any of those who lost their lives, but it is known that Mr. E. McCullough, of the Westmoreland Coal Company, and his whole family were saved. Mr. Trump stated that if the passengers had only remained where they were, instead of jumping into the water, the terrible loss of life would have been avoided.

After the people had deserted the cars, the railroad officials state, the two Pullman cars attached to the day express were set on fire and entirely consumed. A car of lime was standing near the train. When the water reached the lime, it set fire to the car; and the flames reaching the sleepers, they were entirely consumed.

The highest reach of the flood passed Freeport about 8 o'clock. The West Pennsylvania bridge withstood its force. One hour later the assault fell on Tarentum. It was about 10.15 o'clock when the Johnstown débris began to float by the Sixth Street Bridge, being recognized by a beer box on which was painted "Johnstown House." Another sign read, "Iron Sleds Sold Here." Portions of

bedsteads and bedding and other household articles were massed together.

Crowds on the bridge kept peering into the water, looking for human beings. A skiff was tossed about like a feather in the wind, and it was a risk to man or one. The little tug *Stella McCloskey* stemmed the current about 11 o'clock and made for mid-river. From a huge mass of *débris*, one of the crew discovered a hand projecting. A skiff was manned and one man boarded the mass, but the hand had disappeared. Oars were plied in vain; and when under the Sixth Street Bridge, the man jumped into the boat, leaving the *débris*, with its human cargo, to go down stream. A trunk always drew a yell from the small boys on the bridge, and many parties in boats would pull with might and main to reach the object, only to find it empty.

#### SCENES AT THE UNION STATION.

Pathos and excitement combined this morning to cause unusual scenes at the Union Station. Men, women, and children who had relatives or friends at Johnstown crowded the platform and overwhelmed the station officials with questions which they could not answer. Pity was the prevailing sentiment, however, and all inquiries were met with reassuring replies.

Among the earliest arrivals at the station was Mr. Charles J. Clarke, whose son was at South Fork, and who, he said, was on the water yesterday in his yacht. Mr. Clarke was in a terrible state of nervous excitement, and paced the platform, con-

sumed with anxiety, awaiting the departure of a train toward the East. William Ramsey was another anxious inquirer. His aged mother was at one of the cottages, and he feared greatly for her safety. And so it went ; and the excitement of one person was but the counterpart of that manifested by the next.

The Johnstown accommodation left at 8.05 o'clock, crowded with passengers. Many who were bound for the scene went with hearts weighted with grief in the almost certain knowledge that some loved one was lost. Others went consumed with anxiety concerning the fate of those they went to seek. Still others went, as many always do in a time like this, impelled simply by morbid curiosity. But the shadow of the awful calamity seemed to hang over all, and the flippant speech and light jest of ordinary travel were lacking for the nonce. With the departure of the Johnstown accommodation all opportunity for reaching the scene of the catastrophe was passed until afternoon. Extraordinary pressure was brought to bear upon the railroad officials to send out a special train, or even special engines, by anxious friends, but to no avail.

## • LIVING AND DEAD WENT BY.

OVER A HUNDRED CORPSES GATHERED IN AT  
NINEVEH, PA.

THE gray morning light did not show either hope or mitigation of the awful fears of the night. We drove across the mountains in the darkness of the early morning to New Florence, fourteen miles from the scene of desolation at Johnstown. It was a hard night to everybody. The weary newspaper men, who had been without rest and food since yesterday afternoon and the operators who handled the messages, nerved themselves for the work of another day.

Seven bodies have been found on the shore near this town, two being on a tree where the tide had carried them. The country people are coming into the news centres in large numbers, telling stories of disaster along the river banks in sequestered places.

John McCartney, a carpenter who lived in Johnstown, reached here about 4 o'clock. He left Johnstown at 4.30 o'clock yesterday, and says the scene then was indescribable. The houses began rocking to and fro, and the force of the current carried buildings across streets and vacant lots and dashed them against each other, breaking them into fragments. These buildings were freighted with the poor wretches who so shortly before laughed at the cry of danger. McCartney says that in some instances he counted as many as fifteen persons cling-

ing to buildings. McCartney's wife saw the house in which her three sisters lived carried away, and the spectacle almost crazed her.

#### CORPSES WASHED ASHORE.

This evening the waters are receding here as rapidly as they rose last night, and as the banks uncover the dead are showing up. Already nine bodies, five of them being those of women, have been picked up within the limits of this borough since daylight.

None of them has as yet been recognized. One woman, probably twenty-five years old, and with rather handsome features, had clasped in her arms a babe about six months old. The dead body of a young man was found in the branches of a huge tree, which had been carried down the stream. All the orchard crops and shrubbery along the banks of the river have been destroyed.

The body of another woman has just been discovered in the river here. Only her foot was visible above the water. A rope was fastened about it and tied to a tree and assistance is now awaited to bring the body to the shore.

John L. Weber and his wife, Mike Metzgar and John Forney were rescued near here early this morning. They had been carried from their home in Cambria City on the roof of a house. There were seven others on the roof when it was carried off by the angry waters, but they were drowned. Their names are not known by Weber, they having drifted on to the roof from floating débris. Weber



and his wife were drenched and almost helpless from exposure. They were unable to walk when taken off the roof.

The bank on each side of the river at this place is crowded with anxious watchers, and with horrifying frequency their vigils are rewarded by the discovery of a dead body. Within the last half hour three floating bodies have been recovered at this point, and hundreds of people from up-river towns are hurrying here in search of friends and relatives who were swept away. The street-corners are crowded with pale and anxious people, who tell of the awful calamity with bated breath. Squire Bennett has charge of the bodies and he is having them properly cared for. They are being prepared for burial, but will be held here for identification.

Four boys have just come from above here. They say that on the opposite side of the river many bodies can be seen lying in the mud. They found the body of a woman on this side. She was covered with débris, but they pulled her out. She had only a few tatters of clothes on her, and the body was badly bruised.

#### WORK FOR THE CORONER.

R. B. Rogers, Justice of the Peace at Nineveh, has wired the Coroner at Greensburg that 100 dead bodies have been found at that place, and he asks what to do with them. From this one can estimate that the loss of life will reach over one thousand, perhaps more. No one here knows. A report has just been received that twenty persons are on an

island near Nineveh, and that a number of men and women are on a partly submerged tree.

#### SEEN FROM THE SIGNAL TOWER.

Just before reaching Sang Hollow, the end of the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is "S. Q." signal tower, and the men in it told pitiful stories of what they saw. A beautiful girl came down on the roof of a building which swung in near the tower. She screamed to the operators to save her, and one big, brawny, brave fellow walked as far into the river as he could and shouted to her to try to guide herself in shore with a bit of plank. She was a plucky girl, full of nerve and energy, and stood upon her frail support in evident obedience to the command of the operator. She made two or three bold strokes and actually stopped the course of the raft for an instant. Then it swerved and went out from under her. She tried to swim ashore, but in a few seconds she was lost in the swirling waters. Something must have hit her, for she lay quietly on her back with face pallid and expressionless. Men and women by the dozen, in pairs and singly, children, boys, big and little, and wee babies were there in among the awful confusion of water, drowning, gasping, struggling and fighting desperately for life.

Two men on a tiny raft shot into the swiftest part of the current. They crouched stolidly, looking at the shores, while between them, dressed in white and kneeling with her face turned heavenward, was a girl six or seven years old. She

THE PUBLIC SQUARE IN JOHNSTOWN.—33.





seemed stricken with paralysis, until she came opposite the tower and then she turned her face to the operator. She was so close they could see big tears on her cheeks and her pallor was that of death. The helpless men on shore shouted to her to keep up her courage and she resumed her devout attitude and disappeared under the trees of a projecting point a short distance below. "We could not see her come out again," said the operator, "and that was all of it."

#### WHERE THE BABIES SANK.

"Do you see that fringe of trees?" continued the operator, pointing to the place where the little girl had gone out of sight. "Well, we saw scores of children swept in there. I believe that when the time comes, they will find almost a hundred bodies of children in there among those bushes."

Just above New Florence is the little town of Nineveh. It was here that I found the first charnel-house. One hundred and nine dead were here, the larger proportion of whom were women. Here it was that the awful work of the freshet could be realized. What had been fertile farms look like worn-out brick-yards. Great trees had been twisted and torn like weeds, and the broken household goods of hundreds of houses lined the shores for miles. Thieves of the vilest sort—those who steal from the dead and the unfortunate—have been busily at work robbing the trunks, boxes, articles of furniture, and there is nothing worth taking left except lumber. Every now and then ghastly outlines could be seen in the water, being swept downstream.

Two miles from "S. Q." tower is the "S. X." tower of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and here it is that the greatest railroad in the world ends suddenly in the river. For more than a thousand feet the entire track is wiped out—rails, ties, and even ballast. The north track is entirely washed away.

This is the nearest telegraphic point to Johnstown, and the delay in getting off news despatches has been fairly maddening. The Associated Press expedition was the first in the field, and was ready with thousands of words of special, but no wires could be had from 11 A.M. until almost 2 P.M. No special trains could be hired, no locomotives were to be bought, and the situation can be appreciated.

#### WRECKERS AT WORK ON THE RIVER.

The usually placid Allegheny is a torrent to-day. The sluggish current that is wont, under ordinary conditions, to bear flotsam upon its bosom past Pittsburg at an easy-going rate of two miles an hour, is transformed into a swollen and angry stream—and all in a night. From early morning the river rushed along bank-full of water and choked with wreckage, and it was nearly or quite noon when a rift in the floating mass of débris gave indication that the bulk of it had passed. As viewed from the upper side of the Sharpsburg bridge, the scene was a wild one. Rushing down from between the hills, came the angry torrent, on the crest of which were wrecks of buildings, barns, and out-houses, stacks of hay and straw, rafts in sec-



tions, and in some instances entire trees, and the dead bodies of many animals and fowls.

The scene at this point, five miles above the city, was one of desolation, but was only faintly suggestive of the awful devastation wrought along the upper waters. Hundreds of people were gathered on the Sharpsburg bridge all day long, watching the torrent as it tore along underneath them with its terrible burden of destruction, while yet other hundreds were engaged in landing everything of value that could be snatched from the relentless grasp of the torrent.

All the way down to the city the banks of the river were lined with people, and at frequent intervals extemporized landing-places were pre-empted by the wreckers, and the quantity of salvage secured by them will aggregate an enormous sum in value. Everything that bore the semblance of value was eagerly seized upon, and frequently a dozen boats were to be seen scurrying from either bank out into midstream towards a floating box which, when secured, often proved empty. But again whole boxes of lemons and oranges and other fruits were secured, indicating the destruction of groceries at points above. The salvage of the greatest value, however, and that most sought for, was timber and sawed lumber. In some instances whole rafts were secured and again parts of rafts that had broken up. The wreckers who were not so fortunate as to secure the whole or parts of rafts turned their attention to single logs, and soon had constructed rafts of their own from the thousands of pieces of timber landed by them. Piles of lum-

ber, too, sprang up as if by magic along the banks, and many men who were without a dollar yesterday to-day are in possession of a pocketful of money or its equivalent, the result of their night's and morning's work on the water.

The zeal of the boatmen was not all mercenary, however, but a constant and careful lookout was maintained for "floaters," whether dead or alive, and each boatman became a volunteer member of a great and well-equipped life-saving service. There were comparatively few demands upon their services in this direction, however, for no victims could have survived the awful night in the waters.

#### THE CAMBRIA IRON COMPANY LOSES \$5,000,000.

The Cambria Iron Company, which employed nearly two thousand men in the manufacture of iron and steel rails, had most of its works on the north side of the Conemaugh River, at Johnstown. They are completely wrecked. The first reports of the day told of the destruction of a part of the plant located on the south bank of the river, and it was then hoped that this fine property would not be seriously damaged ; but it is now known that the entire plant was torn up and scattered by the torrent. The plant was valued at \$5,000,000.

The Cambria Iron Works, the great industry of Johnstown, originated in a few widely separated charcoal-furnaces built by pioneer iron-workers in the early years of the century. The Cambria Iron Company was chartered under the general law in 1852 for the operation of four old-fashioned charcoal-

furnaces in and near Johnstown, which was then a village of 1300 inhabitants, to which the Pennsylvania Railroad had just been extended. In 1853, the construction of four coke-furnaces was commenced, but it was two years before the first was finished. The company at Johnstown was aided by a number of Philadelphia merchants, but was unable to continue in business, and suspended in 1854. D. J. Morrell, one of the creditors, strongly urged the Philadelphia creditors to invest more money and continue the business. They did so. The company again failed in 1855, and Mr. Morrell then associated a number of gentlemen with him, and formed the firm of Wood, Morrell & Co., leasing the works for seven years. The year 1856 was one of great financial depression, and 1857 was worse, and as a further discouragement the large mill was destroyed by fire in June, 1857. In one week, however, the works were in operation again, and a brick building was soon constructed. In 1862, the present company was formed.

The company commenced the erection of Bessemer steel-works in 1869, and sold the first steel rails in 1871 at \$104 a ton.

The history of the Cambria Iron Company from this point has been one of continual progress. The company owned 700 dwelling-houses, that were rented to the employees at a low figure.

## PACK-SADDLE ON THE CONEMAUGH.

The Cambria Iron Company did a great deal for its employees. The Cambria Library was erected by the iron company and presented to the town. The Cambria Mutual Benefit Association is composed of employees of and is supported by the company. The employees receive benefits when sick or in case of accidents, and their families in case of death. The board of directors of this association also control the Cambria Hospital, which was erected by the iron company in 1886 on Prospect Hill, in the northern part of the city. The company also maintained a club-house and a store, which was also patronized by other than employees. John Fulton was general manager of the works at Johnstown, and James J. Pronheiser general superintendent.

## THE DAMAGE TO RAILROAD PROPERTY.

One span of the bridge crossing the west branch of the Susquehanna at Linden is gone, and it is feared that the whole bridge will go. The Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company's bridge over the west branch of the Susquehanna, which was carried from Muncy down against the Pennsylvania Company's bridge at Montgomery, where it was lodged for a while, worked its way under the latter structure, and swept down to the Pennsylvania road's bridge at Lewisburg, carrying that bridge completely away.

The four-span bridge across the Juniata River at

Granville, three miles west of Lewistown, has been carried away. The water is still rising in the Juniata. Between Granville and Tuscarora, a distance of forty miles, nothing is known of the condition of the road-bed or the bridges. There are twenty bridges south of Ralston on the Northern Central branch. Of these, five are washed away, and all the rest are badly damaged with one exception.

The Cumberland Valley Railroad lost a new iron bridge crossing the Potomac river near Williamsport, Md. The bridge crossing Sinnemahoning Creek at Sinnemahoning is gone, and the bridge over the same stream at Keating is badly damaged, and will also go. The railroad yard and tracks at Emporium have been badly washed away.

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## THE DESOLATED VALLEY.

VICTIMS TO BE COUNTED BY THOUSANDS.

*The Survivors Homeless and Starving—Terrible Scenes Among the Ruins of Johnstown—Robbers of the Dead Lynched and Shot to Death—Magnitude of the Disaster Not Overstated.*

Telegraphic communication with Johnstown has been re-established, and the work of succor to the living and of burial of the dead is going forward under direction of organized volunteer corps of physicians and ministers from Pittsburg and every other city in reach of the stricken and desolate valley.

The latest information confirms the last appalling estimates of the numbers of the dead ; but even this is unreliable, for nothing has yet been heard of the four towns up the valley from Johnstown, that were first involved in the disaster. Mute testimony as to their probable fate has been found in the identification of the bodies of several of their former citizens that have been taken from the ruins of their cities down the river.

A temporary martial government has been established over the ruined city of Johnstown, under the Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania, assisted by military companies from Pittsburg and by volunteer officers. Attempts at disorder and violence by small gangs of tramps have been vigorously suppressed, and several marauders have been lynched and shot to death, for the people, in the solemn earnestness of their work of succor and rescue, have not the patience to wait the tedious process of the law.

The area of disaster from the floods is extended considerably over what was originally reported, and a sense of apprehension will prevail until the cities in the valley of the Cumberland, the Shenandoah, the Juniata, and the upper Potomac, that have been cut off from communication with the outside world since last Thursday, shall be heard from again.

Organized and systematic efforts to provide food and shelter for the homeless thousands that are now exposed to the elements in the desolated regions are earnestly called for. Meetings for the purpose of responding to the call have been ordered in sev-





THE DEAD WAGON GOING THE ROUNDS.



eral of the larger cities. That in New York city will be held at the mayor's office.

With the partial restoration of telegraphic communication, fuller particulars of the great disaster have come to hand and are given below.

The cause of the calamity, it is admitted by the President of the South Fork Fishing Club, the proprietors of the artificial Conemaugh Lake, was the weakness of the dam alone. No cloudburst or waterspout occurred to compel it. The frailty of the dam and the tremendous pressure of water behind it was the only cause of the catastrophe.

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## THE VICTIMS AT JOHNSTOWN.

### LOOKING AFTER THE DEAD AND RELIEVING THE SURVIVORS.

The situation has not changed, and former estimates of the loss of life do not seem to be exaggerated. Six hundred bodies are now laying in Johnstown, and a large number have already been buried. Four immense relief trains arrived last night, and the survivors are being well cared for.

A portion of the police force of Pittsburg and Allegheny are on duty, and better order is maintained than prevailed yesterday. Communication has been restored between Cambria City and Johnstown by a foot-bridge. The work of repairing the tracks between Sang Hollow and Johnstown is going on rapidly, and trains will probably be running

by to-morrow morning. Not less than fifteen thousand strangers are there.

Nothing definite can be learned concerning the total number lost. All effects in that direction would be guesswork of the wildest kind.

The after-night scenes of distress have commenced. Seated among the ruins in all parts of the fatal city and its suburbs are the mourning survivors. The entire scene is lighted by the great funeral pyre, of which the bodies of so many loved ones form a part. Clouds of great smoke arise from the burning heap and float upward among the trees on the mountain-sides. Mothers, wives, and daughters are seated on the surrounding embankments, forlorn and heartsore, gazing with woe-begone countenances on the scene of desolation on every side.

The torches of the firemen and the men and women who have volunteered to aid the afflicted ones move hither and thither, making the whereabouts of the members of the rescuing party. Pallbearers move slowly to and fro, bearing their ghastly burdens. The Pittsburg Fire Department is doing excellent work, but still the great lake of flames keeps burning fiercely.

Nine hundred tents, which Gov. Foraker gave, have arrived and are being erected under direction of Adj.-Gen. Axtine, of Ohio. About one hundred family tents are already in position. Their advent was hailed with delight by the many homeless families. Ministers of various denominations have reached here. They will conduct the funeral services to-morrow.

A number of drunken tramps attempted to break into some provision cars lying near Cambria City to-night, but were fired upon by the train guards. They will give no quarter to scoundrels of this kind. A large number of special deputies have been sworn in by the sheriff of Cambria County.

A large number of bodies were dressed and placed in coffins on the Johnstown Station platform. Some have been identified, but others are unknown. Great crowds flocked to the station, and the people passed in line by the coffins as the bodies were identified by friends. The scenes were heart-rending in the extreme. The bodies of the entire family of Chief Harris are lying in the Presbyterian Church. Gen. Hastings' headquarters are at the Pennsylvania Railroad [Station. A supply depot is established at this point, and many needy people are being relieved. Bodies that are dug out of the flat, lie in the station until a coffin can be obtained. They are buried unidentified on Prospect Hill.

Adj.-Gen. Hastings, National Guard of Pennsylvania, with Major Sanger, has assumed charge of Johnstown. Nothing is legal unless it bears his signature. One effect of this systematic work is making itself felt. One town is guarded by Company H of the Sixth Regiment, Lieut. Leggett in command. New members were sworn in by him, and they are making excellent soldiers. Special police are numerous, and the regulations are so strict that even the smoking of a cigar is prohibited. Alexander Hart is in charge of the special police.

A squad of battery under command of Lieut. Brown, the forerunners of the whole battery, arrived

at the improvised telegraph office at 6.30 o'clock. Lieut. Brown went at once to Adj.-Gen. Hastings and arranged for proper protection.

Another dispensary, under Drs. Wakefield of the Cambria Medical Society, Steward of the Alleghany Society, and Milligan of the Westmoreland Society, is doing good work. Dr. Milligan states that they treated 300 patients to-day. They are at Napoleon-street Dispensary. No surgeons' instruments could be procured in the city until 2 o'clock this afternoon. Among their 300 patients the doctors have many with fractured skulls, and nearly all have broken bones. One man had a heavy iron bar driven through his leg beneath the knee, separating the two bones. A thigh amputation was made. A woman had her knee and the lower part of her leg crushed out of all shape. A thigh amputation was necessary.

Dr. Milligan reported at 6 P.M. that seventy-six bodies had been taken out at Kernsville and eighty-five above the silk-works.

Col. Norman M. Smith, of Pittsburg, while returning from Johnstown after a visit to Adj.-Gen. Hastings, was knocked from the temporary bridge into the river and carried down stream a couple of hundred yards before he was able to swim ashore. He was not hurt. Gen. Hastings countermanded the ordering out of the Eighteenth Regiment; the order was not authorized and the militia are not needed.

A slide, a series of frightful tosses from side to side, a run, and one has crossed the narrow rope bridge which spans the chasm dug by the waters



between the stone bridge and Johnstown. Crossing the bridge was an exciting task; yet many women accomplished it rather than remain in Johnstown. The bridge pitched like a ship in a storm. Within two inches of one's feet rushed the muddy waters of the Conemaugh. There were no ropes to guide, and creeping was more convenient than walking. One has to cross the Conemaugh at a second point in order to reach Johnstown proper. This was accomplished by a skiff ferry. This ferryman clung to a rope and pulled the load over.

After landing, one walks across a desolate sea of mud, in which there are interred many human bodies. It was once the handsome portion of the town. The cellars are filled up with mud, so that a person who has never seen the city can hardly imagine that houses ever stood where they did. Four streets solidly built up with house have been swept away. Nothing but a small two story frame house remains. It was near the edge of the wave, and thus escaped. One side was taken up, and it hangs to one side, making a picture of misery. The walk was interrupted in many places by small branch streams. Occasionally across the flats could be seen the body of a victim. The stench arising from the mud is sickening to an extreme degree. Along the route were strewn tin utensils, pieces of machinery, iron pipes, the wares of every conceivable kind of store. In the midst of the wreck, a clothing-store dummy, with a hand in the position of beckoning to a person, stands erect and uninjured.

It is impossible to describe the appearance of Main Street. Whole houses have been swept down

this one street and become lodged. The wreck is piled as high as the second-story windows. The reporter could step from the wreck into the auditorium of the Opera-House. The ruins consist of parts of houses, trees, saw-logs, and reels from the wire factory. Many houses have their side walls and roofs torn up; and one can walk directly into what had been second-story bedrooms, or go in by way of the top. Farther up town, a raft of logs lodged in the street and did great damage. The best description that can be given of the general appearance of the wreck is to imagine a number of children's blocks placed closely together, and to draw one's hands through them in almost every direction. At the commencement of the wreckage, which is at the opening of the valley of the Conemaugh, one can look up the valley for miles and not see a house. Nothing stands but an old woollen-mill.

Library Hall was another of the fine buildings of the many in the city that is destroyed. Of the Episcopal Church not a vestige remains. Where it once stood there is now a placid lake. The parsonage is swept away and the rector of the church, the Rev. Mr. Dillon, was drowned. The church was one of the first buildings to fall. It carried with it several of the surrounding houses. Many of them were occupied. The victims were swept into the comparatively still waters at the bridge and there met death either by fire or water.

James M. Walters, an attorney, spent the night in Alma Hall, and relates a thrilling story. One of the most curious occurrences of the whole disaster was how Mr. Walters got to the hall. He has his

office on the second floor. His home is at 135 Walnut street. He says he was in the house with his family when the water struck it. All was carried away. Mr. Walter's family drifted on a roof in another direction. He passed down several streets and alleys until he came to the hall. His dwelling struck that edifice, and he was thrown into his own office. About two hundred persons had taken refuge in the hall, and were on the second, third, and fourth stories. The men held a meeting and drew up some rules, which all were bound to respect. Mr. Walters was chosen President. The Rev. Mr. Beale was put in charge of the first floor, A. M. Hart of the second floor, and Dr. Matthews of the fourth floor.

No lights were allowed and the whole night was spent in darkness. The sick were cared for. The weaker women and children had the best accommodations that could be had, while the others had to wait. The scenes were most agonizing. Shrieks, sobs, and moans pierced the gloomy darkness. The crying of children, mingled with the suppressed sobs of the women. Under the guardianship of the men all took more hope. No one slept during all the long dark night. Many knelt for hours in prayer, their supplications mingling with the roar of the waters and the shrieks of the dying in the surrounding houses. In all this misery two women gave premature birth to children.

Dr. Matthews is a hero—several of his ribs were crushed by a falling timber and his pains were most severe. Yet through all he attended the sick. When two women in a house across the street

shouted for help, he, with two other brave young men, climbed across the drift and ministered to their wants. No one died during the night, but women and children surrendered their lives on the succeeding day as a result of terror and fatigue. Miss Rose Young, one of the young ladies in the hall, was frightfully cut and bruised. Mrs. Young had a leg broken. All of Mr. Walter's family were saved.

James McMillin, Vice President of the Cambria Iron Works, was met this afternoon. He is completely unnerved by the terrible disaster. In a conversation he said: "I do not know what our loss is. I cannot even estimate, as I have not the faintest idea what it may be. The upper mill is totally wrecked—damaged beyond all repairs. The lower mill is damaged to such an extent that all machinery and buildings are useless. The mills will be rebuilt immediately. I have sent out orders that all men that can must report at the mill to-morrow to commence cleaning up. I do not think that the building is insured against a flood. The great thing we want is to get that mill in operation again."

The Gautier Wire Works, which was completely destroyed, will be rebuilt immediately. The works are owned and operated by the Cambria Iron Company. The buildings will be immediately rebuilt, and put in operation as soon as possible. The loss at this point is complete. The land on which it stood, is to-day as barren and desolate as if it stood in the midst of the Sahara Desert. The Cambria Iron Company loses its great supply stores at this point. The damage to the stock alone will amount to \$50,000. The building was valued



THE JAM AT THE JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE.



at \$150,000 and is a total loss. The company office building, which adjoins the store, is a handsome structure. It was protected by the first building, but nevertheless, is almost totally destroyed. The Dartmouth Club, at which employes of the works boarded, was carried away in the flood. It contained many occupants at the time. None were saved.

Charles Luther is the name of the boy who stood on an adjacent elevation and saw the whole flood. He said he heard a grinding noise far up the valley, and looking up he could see a dark line moving slowly toward him. He saw that it was houses. On they came, like the hand of a giant, clearing off his table. High in the air would be tossed a log or beam, which fell back with a crash. Down the valley it moved sedately, and across the little mountain city. For ten minutes nothing but moving houses was seen, and then the waters came with a roar and a rush. This lasted for two hours, and then it began to flow more steadily.

The pillaging of the houses in Johnstown is something awful to contemplate and describe. It makes one feel almost ashamed to call himself a man and know that others who bear the same name, have converted themselves into human vultures preying on the dead. Men are carrying shotguns and revolvers, and woe betide the stranger who looks even suspiciously at any article. Goods of great value were being sold in town to-day for a drink of whisky. A supply store has been established in the Fourth Ward in Johnstown. A line of



men, women, and children, extending for a square, waited patiently to have their wants supplied.

The school-house has been converted into a morgue, and the dead are being buried from this place. A hospital has been opened near by and is full of patients. One of the victims, Thompson, was removed from a piece of wreckage in which he had been imprisoned since Friday. His leg was broken and his face badly bruised. He was delirious when rescued and probably will not recover.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is now laying tracks from Johnstown station to the washout. A temporary bridge is being built, and by to-morrow evening trains will be run into Johnstown. It will be more a matter of luck than a certainty. Communications by rail have been established between Pittsburgh and the end of the stone bridge. Assistant Superintendent Trump, is on the grounds and is the authority for this news. He knows nothing of the condition of the track between Johnstown and Altoona. In some places, it is said, the tracks were scooped out to a depth of twenty feet. A train of cars, all loaded, was run on the Conemaugh bridge. They, with the bridge now lie with the wreckage at this point. The Pennsylvania Railroad loses thirty-five engines and many cars. The Baltimore and Ohio tracks are now open, and a train was run to the city free of charge for passengers at 1 o'clock.

The fire has spread steadily all day, and the upper part of the drift is burning to-night. The fire engine is stationed on the river bank, and a line of hose laid far up the track to the coal mine. The flames to-night are higher than ever before, and by

its light, long lines of the curious can be seen along the banks. The natural gas has been shut off, owing to the many leaks in Johnstown. No fire is allowed in the city. The walls of many houses are falling. Their crash can be heard across the river where the newspaper men are located.

Bishop Phelan is in Johnstown to-night. He made the perilous trip on the swinging bridge. For an aged man it was a dangerous trip, but he was bound to make it at all hazard. Fathers Corcoran and Gallagher have accompanied him. One of the Catholic churches in the town burned on Saturday. A house drifted down against it and set it on fire. A funeral was being held at the time of the flood. The congregation deserted the church and the body was burned with the building. Two large trees passed entirely through a brick Catholic church situated near the centre of the town. The building still stands, but it is a total wreck.

Thirteen bodies were taken from the river at New-Florence, sixteen miles below this point. Five were taken to the lock-up in the town and then brought east to this point. Several were placed in rough boxes and buried on the hill-side opposite New-Florence. Several were recovered below that point and brought to Morrellville.

Probably fifteen hundred houses have been swept from the face of the earth as completely as if they had never been erected. Main Street from end to end is piled fifteen and twenty feet high with débris, and in some instances it is as high as the roofs of the houses. This great mass of wreckage fills the street from curb to curb.

An utterly wretched woman, named Mrs. Fenn, stood by a muddy pool of water to-day trying to find some trace of a once happy home. She was half crazed with grief, and her eyes were red and swollen. As a reporter stepped to her side she raised her pale and haggard face and remarked: "They are all gone. Oh, God be merciful to them. My husband and my seven dear little children have been swept down with the flood, and I am left alone. We were driven by the raging flood into the garret, but the waters followed us there. Inch by inch it kept rising until our heads were crushing against the roof. It was death to remain. So I raised a window and one by one placed my darlings on some drift wood, trusting to the great Creator. As I liberated the last one, my sweet little boy, he looked at me and said: 'Mamma, you always told me that the Lord would care for me; will He look after me now?' I saw him drift away with his loving face turned toward me, and with a prayer on my lips for his deliverance he passed from sight forever. The next moment the roof crashed in and I floated outside, to be rescued fifteen hours later from the roof of a house in Kernville. If I could only find one of my darlings I could bow to the will of God, but they all are gone. I have lost everything on earth now but my life, and I will return to my old Virginia home and lay me down for my last great sleep."

A handsome woman, with hair as black as a raven's wing, walked through the station where a dozen or more bodies were awaiting burial. Passing from one to another she finally lifted the

paper covering from the face of a woman, young, and with traces of beauty showing through the stains of muddy water. With a cry of anguish she reeled backwards, to be caught by a rugged man who chanced to be passing. In a moment or so she had calmed herself sufficiently to take one more look at the features of her dead. She stood gazing at the unfortunate as if dumb. Finally, turning away, with another wild burst of grief she said: "And her beautiful hair all matted, and her sweet face so bruised and stained with mud and water." The dead woman was the sister of the mourner. The body was placed in a coffin a few minutes later and sent away to its narrow house.

These incidents are but fair samples of the scenes familiar to every turn in this stricken city. The loss of life is simply dreadful. The most conservative people declare that the number will reach 5000.

The intense excitement of the past forty-eight hours has proved too much for many of the sufferers who escaped death in the flood. Many cases of nervous prostration, some of a very serious nature, have been reported to the attending physicians to-night. Brain fever has developed in half-a-dozen instances, while some are threatened with pneumonia and kindred ills.

Mrs. John Connelly, of Morrellville, who lost her husband and three children, is very low, and her chances of recovery are meagre. A number of little children who suffered from exposure are not expected to live. These, together with those who are wounded beyond recovery, are expected to swell the rate to at least 100 more,

The devastation is far reaching, as it was learned to-night that between 150 and 200 persons who resided in the six-mile gap, between South Fork and Woodvale, have fallen victims to the fury of the deluge. Scarcely a building has been left standing along this entire route.

The loss in property has been simply terrible, and what makes it more so is the uncertainty of recovering one dollar of insurance. A number of buildings, it is true, was burned up, but that was in the bridge conflagration after the other element, against which there was no insurance, had almost completely ruined the structure. Many workmen who had invested the savings of a lifetime in real estate can now scarcely designate the sites of their homes. The buildings have gone, all their household goods and wearing apparel are lost.

The safes in the banking establishments of Johnstown still remain intact, but thousands of dollars in money and large quantities of valuable jewelry were swept down the river.

The police reported at 11 o'clock that a number of well-dressed but suspicious-looking strangers were wandering through the ruins. They are supposed to be professional crooks, and a close watch is being kept on them. Late to-night a man was caught trying to break into a private residence in Prospect, a hamlet on the hillside. When discovered he ran toward the river followed by a large crowd bent on summary vengeance. The burglar escaped in the darkness. Mrs. David Lewis, of Sheridan station, who was in the water for three

hours Friday before being rescued, died to-night from exhaustion.

The question of rebuilding is now being discussed. It is generally conceded that property in the flat has greatly fallen in value, and if an effort at rebuilding is made the hill lots will get the preference.

Gen. Hastings said to-night that he would not order out the Fourteenth Regiment. Since then a rumor has reached here that the command named is now at Sang Hollow, three and a half miles away, and that it is coming here in the morning.

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## DOWN THE RAGING TORRENT.

### SCENES ALONG THE COURSE OF THE SWOLLEN STREAM.

THE stone viaduct at Johnstown is forty feet high from the river bed at low water, and over this the water rushed in a resistless flood. On this, or the west side, is the Bessemer and rail mills of the Cambria Iron Company. Although warned to flee to the hill-sides, many of the men, resting in a fancied security, loitered about the mills and were engulfed in an instant. To-day their bodies are strewn along the Conemaugh, Kiskiminetas, and Allegheny Rivers, and are being caught as far down the Ohio River as Rochester.

Below the mills is Cambria, a sub-borough, in which district reside probably 2,000 people. The





THE POSITION IN WHICH ONE BODY WAS FOUND.  
(57)



scenes here are but a repetition of the other parts of the flood-washed cities. In St. Columba's Church, a new structure, which had been flooded to a depth of six feet in the auditorium, the water had receded, and the floor is covered with a slimy ooze to the depth of seven or eight inches. On boards stretched along the top of the pews are thirty bodies which had been snatched from the stream by Father Thomas Darlin and some of his parishioners whom he had impressed into service.

A sad feature was when Joseph Smith, a man of extraordinary size and strength, entered. He said not a word, but quietly went from corpse to corpse, lifting the stained and muddy coverings of the dead. At last he came to the corpse of a child about nine years old—his daughter. He looked at the swollen and blood-stained features a moment, and then with a voice of the most unutterable agony cried: "My Maggie, my little Maggie," at the same time pressing the inanimate form to his bosom, and, giving expression to alternate caressings and ejaculations of grief, the man took his child and ran with it to what had been his home. He placed it beside those of his wife and two other children, all of whom had been drowned,

At Morrell forty-three bodies were laid out waiting to be identified. Eight of them were children; one that of a child which a physician said had been born while the mother was fighting for her life in the raging flood.

At Nineveh, nine miles down the stream, 106 bodies, mostly women and children, were laid out in a sawmill, and additions were being made by

wagonloads at a time, which were being picked up on the meadows over which the great tide had surged. Many were found with their hands yet clinging tenaciously to branches of trees and shrubs. In one case a young couple were found locked in each other's arms. In another a mother was found with a child clasped in each arm and held closely to her bosom.

The survivors tell of the most thrilling escapes from collections of *débris*, house roofs, car doors, and planks. They seek the banks and gaze with stupor born of paralyzation of their mental faculties from the fright and horror they have been subjected to.

The Pennsylvania Railroad tracks at Sang Hollow, three miles west, were torn out and absolutely washed away for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The heavy steel rails were twisted about as if they were slender copper wires, and in some instances were broken off by the strain brought to bear on them. One track was swept into the river. The rails and ties of the east track were thrown on top of the west-bound track, and in one place they were twisted into a plait. The stone ballast was washed from between the ties for over a mile, and in one place the rails, ties, and ballast were all swept away, and the heavy clay road-bed was beaten as hard as a cemented floor by the force of the current sweeping over it.

For ten miles both banks of the river are lined with *débris*; uprooted trees and branches form a sort of network to knit the mass together. In the interlaying branches are all kinds of household

furniture and utensils, and they are literally filled with clothing and shreds of clothing of men, women, and children. A great many bodies have been extricated from the drift, and the banks of the river are lined with people eager to catch and drag from the torrent the bodies that are constantly being thrown up. Here and there may be seen a fine piano thrown upon the shore in position to be played upon.

S. H. Thompson, Trainmaster, said dead bodies were lying along the banks of the river between Sang Hollow and Johnstown as thick as flies. It is the most terrible sight ever witnessed. Every train is crowded with people going to the scene. Everybody has but one objective point—Johnstown.

Engineer De Lozier said he helped out four women and one man near Sang Hollow. One was an old lady that looked to be upward of eighty years of age. He helped rescue twelve persons last night off floating drift. One of the most touching incidents, he said was the drowning of a father, mother, and three daughters. They came down on a roof, and just opposite the town the raft struck a pile or drift and went to pieces. All five went down in the current. A moment later two heads were seen above the water and their two hands clutching at the roof. That was the last seen of that family. Men and women, with arms broken, blood streaming down over their faces, and their bodies cut, bruised and bleeding, were a frequent sight.

Engineer De Lozier says that the people at Sang

Hollow deserve a great deal of credit for what they did. All the men, and even the women, were on the banks of the river with ropes, and at every opportunity did what they could to rescue the drowning. Among the women rescued was Mrs. Charles Oswald, who belonged to one of the most respectable families in the city. He saw two little children about three years old, with their little hands clasped together, go down, and following them was a lone woman kneeling in the attitude of prayer.

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## A CITY OF THE DEAD.

JOHNSTOWN'S RUINS FILLED WITH CORPSES.

*The Few Buildings Left are Turned into Morgues—The Town is Simply Annihilated—A Space Half a Mile Wide and Two Miles Long Swept Clean—At Least Fifteen Hundred Buildings Entirely Destroyed—Many of the Dead Identified—An Awful Spectacle of Death in a Church—Heart-rending Sights in the Stricken City—Walls of Buildings Falling and the Scene of Desolation Lighted up by the Fire at the Bridge, Which is Still Burning—Swift Punishment Meted Out to Thieves Who were Caught Robbing the Dead—Relief on the Way—Hundreds of Charred Bodies Believed to be Under the Ruins of the Burned Bridge—Nobody Knows How Many Thousands the Full Roll of the Dead will Number.*

When Superintendent Pitcairn telegraphed to Pittsburg on Friday night that Johnstown was an-



ihilated, he came very close to the facts of the case, although he had not seen the ill-fated city. To say that Johnstown is a wreck, is but stating the facts of the case. Nothing like it was ever seen in this country. Where long rows of dwelling-houses and business blocks stood forty-eight hours ago, ruin and desolation now reign supreme. Probably 1500 houses have been swept from the face of the earth as completely as if they had never been erected. Main street, from end to end, is piled fifteen and twenty feet high with débris, and in some instances it is as high as the roofs of the houses. This great mass of wreckage fills the street from curb to curb, and frequently has crushed the buildings in and filled the space of the remainder of the terrible calamity. There is not a man in the place who can give any reliable estimate of the number of houses that have been swept away. City Solicitor Kuehn, who should be very good authority in this matter, places the number at 1500. From the woollen-mill above the island to the bridge, a distance of probably two miles; a strip of territory nearly a half-mile in width has been swept clean, not a stick of timber or one brick on top of another being left to tell the story. It is the most complete wreck that imagination could portray.

All day long men, women, and children were plodding about the desolate waste, looking in vain to locate the boundaries of their former homes. Nothing but a wide expanse of mud, ornamented here and there with heaps of driftwood, remained, however, for their contemplation. It is perfectly safe to say that every house in the city that was not

located well up on the hillside was either swept completely away or wrecked so badly that rebuilding will be absolutely necessary. These losses, however, are nothing compared to the frightful sacrifice of precious human lives to be seen on every hand.

During all this solemn Sunday, Johnstown has been drenched with the tears of stricken mortals, and the air is filled with sobs and sighs that come from breaking hearts. There are scenes enacted here every hour and every minute that affect all beholders profoundly. When homes are thus torn asunder in an instant, and the loved ones hurled from the arms of loving and devoted mothers, there is an element of sadness in the tragedy that overwhelms every heart.

The streets have been full of men carrying bodies to various places, where they await identification, since morning, and the work has only begun. Every hour or so the forces of men working on the various heaps of débris find numbers of bodies buried in the wreckage. It is believed that when the flames are extinguished in the wreckage at the bridge, and the same is removed, that hundreds and hundreds of victims will be discovered. In fact, this seems certain, as dozens of bodies have already been found on the outskirts of the huge mass of broken timbers.

The reports from outside points are also appearing. Up to 9 o'clock to-night 180 bodies had been embalmed at Nineveh, and there is a report that 200 more have been discovered half buried in the mud on an island between New Florence and the

place named. At the Fourth Ward school-house over 100 victims have been laid out for identification.

In many cases they have been recognized. Shocking sights have become so common that they have lost their terror; and the finding of a body here and there attracts little or no attention from the great crowds that constantly line the river-banks and crowd all over accessible places.

As this is being written, hundreds of homeless men and women and children are sleeping on the hillsides, under tents that were sent from Pittsburg and other places. The Pennsylvania Railroad has succeeded in getting a track through to the city; and provisions enough to meet all immediate wants have arrived. Adj.-Gen. Hastings is in charge of the police and the various relief corps, and he is doing good work for the sufferers. Those people who were not swept away or disabled are working earnestly for the revival of the stricken city, but it will take months of work to come anywhere near repairing the fearful damage. While it is about certain that the list of the lost will never be made complete, the supply of coffins sent in from Pittsburg and other points is so great that the relief committee telegraphed last evening not to send any more until ordered. No funds have yet been received from Philadelphia, but the authorities are confident that, when telegraphic communications are restored, they will get liberal contributions from that city. Dozens of smaller places have already sent in generous sums of money, and the people are encouraged to believe

all of their more pressing wants will be provided for. It will require several days yet to ascertain anything like a definite idea of the loss of life, but it will certainly reach up into thousands. Every hour brings fresh evidence of the fact that the disaster eclipses anything of the kind in the country's history; and no one can say what the final results will be.

The Baltimore & Ohio tracks are now open, and a train was run to the city free of charge for passengers at 1 o'clock. Mails are getting through by means of couriers across the mountains. A pony express line has been established. The Pennsylvania Railroad will run a line of stages between Johnstown and Cresson if the tracks are as bad as reported. Messengers were sent along the line yesterday. They will make their reports in the city offices.

The cling-cling-clang of the Duquesne has a homelike sound to the reporters. The fire has spread steadily all day, and the upper part of the drift is burning to-night. The fire-engine is stationed on the river bank, and a line of hose far up the track to the coal-mine. The flames to-night are higher than ever before, and by its light long lines of the curious can be seen along the banks. No. 3 will be put into service in the morning. Chief Brown has ordered an engine to Johnstown, to go by way of the B. & O. It will be held there in order to protect the town should fire break out. The natural gas has been shut off, owing to the many leaks in Johnstown. No fire is allowed in the city. The walls of many houses are falling. Their

crash can be heard across the river where the newspaper men are located. In the walk through the town to-day the word "Danger" could be noticed painted by the rescuers on the walls. Newspaper men are indebted to the Greensburg Relief Corps for their supper.

Five hundred tents arrived from Ohio to-night in charge of Adj.-Gen. Axline. Sixty-five have been put upon the hillside and are now occupied by families. Gen. Axline went on to Johnstown to assist Major Sangler, who is in charge during Gen. Hasting's absence.

#### THIRY-FIVE MEN DROWNED IN A WAGON.

J. G. Gill and thirty-five men started in a wagon to go up the mountain, and all were drowned by the torrent which overtook them. Gus McHugh, an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, who lived in Conemaugh, was asleep when the torrent rushed down the valley. His wife was away from home at the time. Her husband and four children were drowned. Col. Norman M. Smith of Pittsburgh, while returning from Johnstown after a visit to Adj.-Gen. Hastings, was knocked from the temporary bridge into the river and carried down stream 200 yards before he was able to swim ashore. He was not hurt. Gen. Hastings countermanded the order calling out the Eighteenth Regiment. The order was not authorized and the militia are not needed.

## PLUNDERING THE DEAD.

FOUR HUNGARIANS, CAUGHT IN THE ACT, DRIVEN  
INTO THE RIVER—TWO OTHERS HANGED.

The way of the transgressor in the desolated valley of the Conemaugh is hard indeed. Each hour reveals some new and horrible story of outrage, and every succeeding hour brings news of swift and merited punishment meted out to the fiends who have dared to desecrate the stiff and mangled corpses in the city of the dead and torture the already half-crazed victims of the cruelest of modern catastrophes. As the roads to the lands round about are opened, tales of almost indescribable horror come to light, and deeds of the vilest nature, perpetrated in the darkness of the night, are brought to light. Just as the shadows began to fall upon the earth last evening, a party of thirteen Hungarians were noticed stealthily picking their way along the banks of the Conemaugh toward Sang Hollow. Having suspicions of their purpose, several farmers armed themselves and started in pursuit. Soon their most horrible fears were realized. The Hungarians were out for plunder. Lying upon the shore, they came upon the dead and mangled body of a woman, upon whose person there were a number of trinkets of jewelry and two diamond rings. In their eagerness to secure the jewelry, the Hungarians got into a squabble, during which one of the number severed



the finger upon which were the rings and started on a run with his fearful prize. The revolting nature of the deed so wrought upon the pursuing farmers, who by this time were close at hand, that they gave immediate chase. Some of the Hungarians showed fight, but, being outnumbered, were compelled to flee for their lives. Nine of the brutes escaped, but four were literally driven into the surging river and to their death. The inhuman monster whose atrocious act has been described was among the number of the involuntary suicides.

Another incident of even greater moment has just been brought to notice. At 3.30 this morning an old railroader, who had walked from Sang Hollow, stepped up to a number of men who were congregated on the platform station at Curranville, and said:

“Gentlemen, had I a shotgun with me half an hour ago, I would now be a murderer, yet with no fear of ever having to suffer for my crime. Two miles below here I watched three men going along the banks, stealing the jewels from the bodies of the dead wives and daughters of men who have been robbed of all they held dear on earth.”

He had no sooner finished the last sentence than five burly men, with looks of terrible determination written on their faces, were on their way to the scene, one with a coil of rope over his shoulder and another with a revolver in his hand. In twenty minutes, so it is said, they had overtaken two of their victims, who were then in the act of cutting pieces from the ears, and fingers from the hands, of the bodies of two dead women. With revolver

levelled at the scoundrels, the leader of the posse shouted:

"Throw up your hands or I'll blow your heads off!"

With blanched faces and trembling forms, they obeyed the order and begged for mercy. They were searched; and as their pockets were emptied of their ghastly finds, the indignation of the crowd intensified; and when a bloody finger of an infant, encircled with two tiny gold rings, was found among the booty in the leader's pocket, a cry went up, "Lynch them lynch them!" Without a moment's delay, ropes were thrown around their necks and they were dangling to the limbs of a tree, in the branches of which an hour before was entangled the bodies of a dead father and son. After the expiration of a half-hour, the ropes were cut and the bodies lowered and carried to a pile of rocks in the forest on the hill above. It is hinted that an Allegheny county official was one of the most prominent actors in this justifiable homicide.

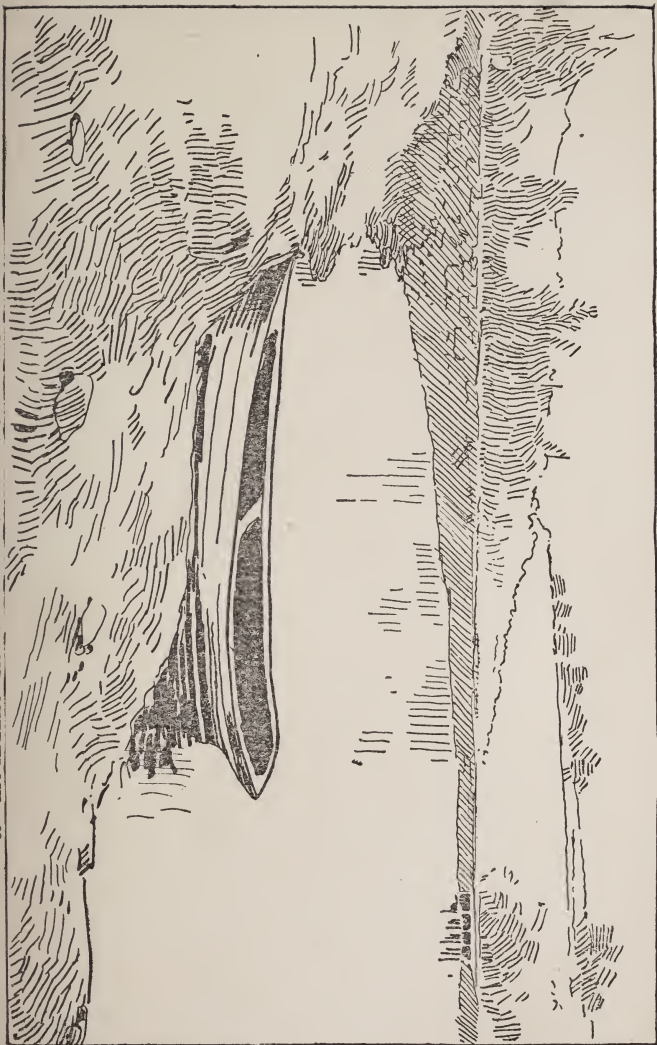
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## PROVISIONS FOR THE SUFFERERS.

TRAINLOADS LEAVING PITTSBURG — TEN CARLOADS  
OF COFFINS ALSO SENT.

The usually quiet streets of Pittsburg on Sunday were to-day alive with excited people eagerly seeking news from Johnstown. In front of the newspaper bulletins the crowds were so dense as to

VIEW OF THE LAKE SHOWING THE DAM AND OVERFLOW.-63.





almost entirely suspend travel, and each new poster was read with an interest that to many was more than mere curiosity. Telegraph offices were thronged with people trying in vain to receive some word from friends and relatives in the stricken city. When the wires started working to Johnstown this morning, there were on the file at the Western Union office 1000 telegraphic inquiries from all parts of the continent for friends and relatives. Of these, how few will ever be answered!

Early in the morning seven carloads of provisions left the Union Depot for Johnstown on a special train. Many cars loaded with provisions, bedding, etc., are arriving from points west, north, and south, and are being rapidly forwarded to the scene of disaster. A scene of activity was presented at the Chamber of Commerce this morning. A number of gentlemen of the Relief Committee were present, receiving official and private telegrams from towns and cities in this and other States, receiving contributions of money from churches and individuals, and answering questions for those who came to seek information.

A special train conveying two fire-engines and hose-carriages, with a full quota of firemen, left here at about noon for Johnstown. Twenty-eight policemen of the Pittsburg force accompanied them, under command of Inspector McAleese. The coffin-manufacturers here are worked to their fullest capacity, and coffins are being shipped rapidly. This morning ten carloads were sent down, containing 2200 coffins. They will be distributed at

various points along the river, where the dead have been collected.

A despatch from Steubenville, Ohio, says that Mr. Scott Salkeld, with his little son, left that place on Monday for South Fork, and it is feared they perished in the flood.

A benefit by the "My Partner" Theatrical Company, in aid of the sufferers, was advertised to be given in one of the theatres in this city this evening. The fact coming to the ears of the Law and Order Society, they gave notice that the performance would not be permitted. This action is severely censured by the community.

The rivers are receding slowly, and all apprehension of danger is passed. Among the passengers from this city who are known to have been on one of the wrecked trains, are W. W. Patrick, the banker, and wife; the Rev. Mr. Robinson, of the Theological Seminary; and Miss Jennie Paulson. Their friends have received no word.

A special from Greensburg says: "The Commissioners and Poor-directors of Indiana, Cambria, and Westmoreland counties will meet to-morrow morning at Nineveh, to decide upon a plan for the burial of the dead. It is likely that a plot of ground will be selected just across the river in Cambria County, and it will be purchased by the three counties. One or two long graves will be made, and the dead, as fast as they can be found, will be placed there. Poor-board Attorney Spiegel, of this county, says that no expense will be spared in regard to the burial of the dead. Immediate action will have to



be taken, as some of the dead have turned black and are rapidly decomposing.

“O. J. Palmer, travelling salesman for a Pittsburg meal-house, was on the ill-fated day-express one car of which was washed away. He narrowly escaped drowning. The engineer, the fireman, and himself, when they saw the flood coming, got upon the top of the car; and when the coach was carried away, they caught the driftwood, and fortunately it was carried near the shore and they escaped to the hills. Mr. Palmer walked a distance of twenty miles around the flooded district to a near-by railroad station on this side.

“The cash collected by the committee here for the sufferers has reached \$2000, and it is probable that it will be doubled in a day or two. A carload of provisions and clothing was sent to Johnstown this morning from here.”

The following despatch has just been received from Johnstown:

“The unruly element has been put down and order is now perfect. The Citizens' Committee are now in charge, and have matters well organized. A proclamation has just been issued that all men who are able to work must report for work or leave the place. We have too much to do to support idlers, and will not abuse the generous help that is being sent, by doing so. From to-morrow, all will be at work. Money now is greatly needed to meet the heavy pay-rolls that will be incurred for the next two weeks. W. C. Lewis, Chairman of Finance Committee, ready to receive the same.”

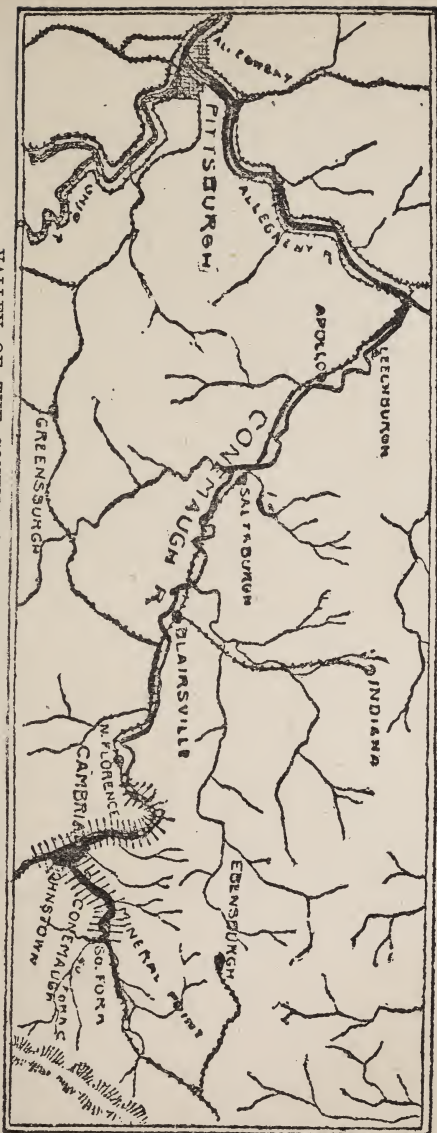
## RELIEF FOR THE LIVING.

TOWNS ALL ALONG THE ROUTE FROM PITTSBURG  
CONTRIBUTE LIBERALLY.

The Washington Infantry left Pittsburg for Johnstown this evening. They went without orders from the Governor, on the strength of earnest and repeated appeals from the stricken people of the Conemaugh valley. A *Sun* correspondent who accompanies the soldiers, sends the following report from along the line :

"The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is doing grandly for the sufferers. Superintendent Patton was early on the ground, and soon had the washed-out portions of the road repaired. The road into the city has been opened since Saturday afternoon. All the towns along the roads are contributing provisions, and engines are taking the loads to the afflicted city. A car of eatables was put on the special train at McKeesport and West Newton. Loads of provisions have been sent from Cumberland, Myersdale, and other towns. Another special with eatables left Pittsburg to-night. There is a great demand for oil, as the people are in darkness. The Standard Oil Company has already shipped a carload, and they are sending more.

"Supervisor Foley, of the Somerset and Cambria branch, was the first man to enter Johnstown after the flood. He walked over eighteen miles to get there. He found a heavy freight train on the Balti-



VALLEY OF THE CONEMAUGH AND SEAT OF THE CALAMITY.  
 Lines crossing the stream indicate the region overwhelmed by the flood.

more & Ohio carried off the tracks and lodged in a cemetery a mile away. In the flats at Conemaugh twenty-one engines have been counted buried under the sand and driftwood. Mr. Foley estimates the loss of life at 8000.

"Braddock sent a carload of coffins and two carloads of provisions, and contributed \$5000. Saltsburg raised \$200 in money, and shipped a car of eatables. All the extra coaches of the Baltimore & Ohio are on the Somerset and Cambria branch.

Many of the people living along the road have friends in Johnstown, and they are frantic to get there to look for and identify them. Superintendent Patton has put extra cars and engines at their disposal, and they are carried back and forward free of charge.

"People in remote towns are just beginning to learn of the fearful desolation. Even now there are some people sceptical enough to believe that the disaster is not half so bad as it is reported, but every newspaper man who has seen the wreck feels that he is not adequate to describe it. The fact is that all the truth has not been told. Nothing at all has yet been received from the country between Conemaugh and South Fork.

"At West Newton, the citizens had been working all the morning, gathering money and food. About \$1500 and a car of provisions have been collected thus far.

The little town is full of farmers' wagons, and the people are highly excited. Instead of going to church in the county, the grangers turned in and loaded their wagons with flour, vegetables, and

other food products. Just as the train was leaving, a farmer arrived with a wagon-load, but it will be put on the next train.

"Foster Walter, an engineer on the Cambria and Somerset branch, had a unique as well as tough experience. He was in the American House when the flood came. He succeeded in getting onto the roof of the house, where he stayed all night. A mule came floating down and lodged on the roof of the house. The animal stayed with him all night until they were rescued. The clerk of the American House was saved and is now at Connellsville."

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## INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER.

SCENES OF DESOLATION IN JOHNSTOWN—IDENTIFYING THE DEAD—AN ATTORNEY'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE—CHURCHES AS MORGUES.

The situation here has not changed, and yesterday's estimates of the loss of life do not seem to be exaggerated. Six hundred bodies are now lying in Johnstown, and a large number have already been buried. Four immense relief trains arrived last night, and the survivors are being well cared for. A portion of the police force of Pittsburg and Allegheny are on duty, and better order is maintained than prevailed yesterday. There is an absence of pillaging. Communication has been restored between Cambria City and Johnstown by a foot-bridge. The work of repairing the tracks

between Sang Hollow and Johnstown is going on rapidly, and trains will probably be running by tomorrow morning. Fully 15,000 strangers are here.

There is no possibility of telling just who has been lost, as thousands are missing. The number of people who are seen alive are so few in contrast with the population of the various little boroughs which constituted the city, that the question, "Where are the people?" is asked on all sides. The impression is gaining that the disclosures yet to come where the gorge collected, and which has burned over an area of several acres, is yet more ghastly. The number of bodies thus far recovered is about 600; but how many lie beneath the great bed of fire, the uncovering of their bones can alone determine.

#### DESOLATION IN JOHNSTOWN.

The condition of the streets is one of unparalleled desolation. Fine thoroughfares in the most densely populated parts of the town are denuded of the houses which once were the pride of their inhabitants. Trees have been stripped of their branches, or uprooted and swept away. It is no exaggeration to say that not a single structure now left within the limits of the city is safe as a place of habitation, and all must be torn down and rebuilt. The gorge has so obstructed the sluiceways of the viaduct that the water does not recede as fast as it otherwise would. All boats and water craft having been swept away, the means of getting about the deluged streets is attended with danger.



Notwithstanding the dire distress of their fellow-citizens, the Huns were yesterday caught purloining garments and searching the pockets of the victims of the awful tragedy. All food supplies having been destroyed, and all places of shelter having been rendered insecure, hundreds took refuge on the slopes which surround the city on all sides. The scenes of these camps were pathetic. Little children clustered around their elders, crying for food and shivering in the cold mountain air. For sixteen hours the little city was cut off from the the world; and the tragedies of that awful night can never be told.

#### DAMAGE TO RAILROADS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad tracks at Sang Hollow, three miles west, were torn out and absolutely washed away for a distance of three quarters of a mile. The heavy steel rails were twisted about as though they were slender copper wires, and in some instances, were broken off by the strain brought to bear on them. One track was swept into the river. The rails and ties of the east track were thrown on top of the west-bound track, and in one place they were twisted into a plait. The stone ballast was washed from between the ties for over a mile, and in one place the rails, ties, and ballast were all swept away, and the heavy clay road-bed was beaten as hard as a cemented floor by the force of the current sweeping over it. On the Baltimore & Ohio there was much damage also, but there was no such torrent to devastate as that

which swept down from the South Fork reservoir with a rapidity incredible and a destruction unparalleled in the annals of American history.

The damage done the Cambria Iron Works mills is incalculable; and they will have to spend a fabulous sum in repairs before they can resume work, which will not be for several months.

#### FINE BUILDINGS RUINED.

The handsome brick high-school building is damaged to such an extent that it will have to be rebuilt. The water attained the height of the window-sills of the second floor. Its upper stories formed a refuge for many persons. All Saturday afternoon two little girls could be seen at the windows, frantically calling for aid. They had spent all night and the day in the building, cut off from all help. Without food and drinking-water, their condition was lamentable. Late in the evening the children were removed to higher ground and properly cared for. A number of persons had been taken from this building earlier in the day, but in the excitement the children were forgotten. Their names could not be obtained.

Morrill Institute, a beautiful building and the old homestead of the Morrill family, is totally ruined. The water has weakened the walls and foundations to such an extent that there is danger of its collapsing. Many families took refuge in this building, and were saved. Now that the waters have receded, there is great danger from falling walls. All day long the crashing of walls could be heard

across the river. Before daybreak this morning the sounds could not but make one shudder at the very thoughts of the horrible deaths that awaited many who had escaped the devastating flood.

Library Hall was another of the fine buildings of the many in the city that are destroyed. Of the Episcopal Church not a vestige of it remains. Where it once stood, there is now a placid lake. The parsonage is swept away, and the rector of the church, the Rev. Mr. Dillon, was drowned. The church was one of the first buildings to fall. It carried with it several of the surrounding houses. Many of them were occupied. The victims were swept into the comparatively still waters at the bridge, and there met death either by fire or water.

#### A THRILLING STORY.

James M. Walters, an attorney, spent the night in Alma Hall, and relates a thrilling story. One of the most curious occurrences of the whole disaster was how Mr. Walters got to the hall. He has his office on the second floor. His home is at 135 Walnut Street. He says he was in the house with his family when the waters struck it. All was carried away. Mr. Walters' family drifted on a roof in another direction. He passed down several streets and alleys until he came to the hall. His dwelling struck that edifice and he was thrown into his own office. About 200 persons had taken refuge in the hall, and were on the second, third, and fourth stories. The men held a meeting and drew

up some rules, which all were bound to respect. Mr. Walters was chosen president. The Rev. Mr. Beale was put in charge of the first floor, A. M. Hart of the second floor, Dr. Mathews of the fourth floor. No lights were allowed, and the whole night was spent in darkness. The sick were cared for. The weaker women and children had the best accommodations that could be had, while the others had to wait. The scenes were most agonizing. Heart-rending shrieks, sobs, and moans pierced the gloomy darkness. The crying of children mingled with the suppressed sobs of the women. Under the guardianship of the men, all took more hope. No one slept during all the long, dark night. Many knelt for hours in prayer, their supplications mingled with the roar of the waters and the shrieks of the dying in the surrounding houses. In all this misery two women gave premature birth to children. Dr. Mathews is a hero. Several of his ribs were crushed by a falling timber and his pains were most severe; yet through all, he attended the sick. When two women in a house across the street shouted for help, he with two other brave young men climbed across the drift and ministered to their wants. No one died during the night, but women and children surrendered their lives on the succeeding day as a result of terror and fatigue. Miss Rose Young, one of the young ladies in the hall, was frightfully cut and bruised. Mrs. Young had a leg broken. All of Mr. Walters' family were saved.

## EDITOR SCHUBERT'S FATE.

This afternoon a spring wagon came slowly from the ruins in what was once Cambria. In it on a board and covered by a muddy cloth were the remains of Editor C. T. Schubert, of the *Johnstown Free Press* (German). Behind the wagon walked his friend Benjamin Gribble. Editor Schubert was one of the most popular and well-known Germans in the city. On Thursday he had sent his three sons to Conemaugh Borough, and on Friday afternoon he and his wife and six other children called at Mr. Gribble's residence. They noticed the rise of the water, but not until the flood from the dam washed the city did they anticipate danger. All fled from the first to the second floor. Then as the water rose they went to the attic, and Mr. Schubert hastily prepared a raft, upon which all embarked. Just as the raft reached the bridge, a heavy piece of timber rose from the water and swept the editor beneath the surface. The raft then glided through, and all the rest were rescued. Mr. Schubert's remains were found this afternoon beneath a pile of broken timbers. This evening his coffin was carried to his widow at the house of a friend in Morrillville.

A tour of the west bank of the river for a distance of two miles leaves the mind confused. There are not over a hundred bodies to be seen; but while a mass of people walked back and forth, they were strangers. Not one person in ten that one met was a resident of this vicinity. It leads to the belief that hundreds, perhaps thousands, are still buried in the

mud and débris, burned in the awful furnace at the stone bridge, or lodged farther down than the searchers have yet gone. That many are buried yet is also indicated by a fresh find every few hours, though no thorough search in the mud and débris has been begun. The belief that many were burned is strengthened by the unmistakable odor that rises from the ashes of the fire on the river bank.

#### IDENTIFYING THE BODIES.

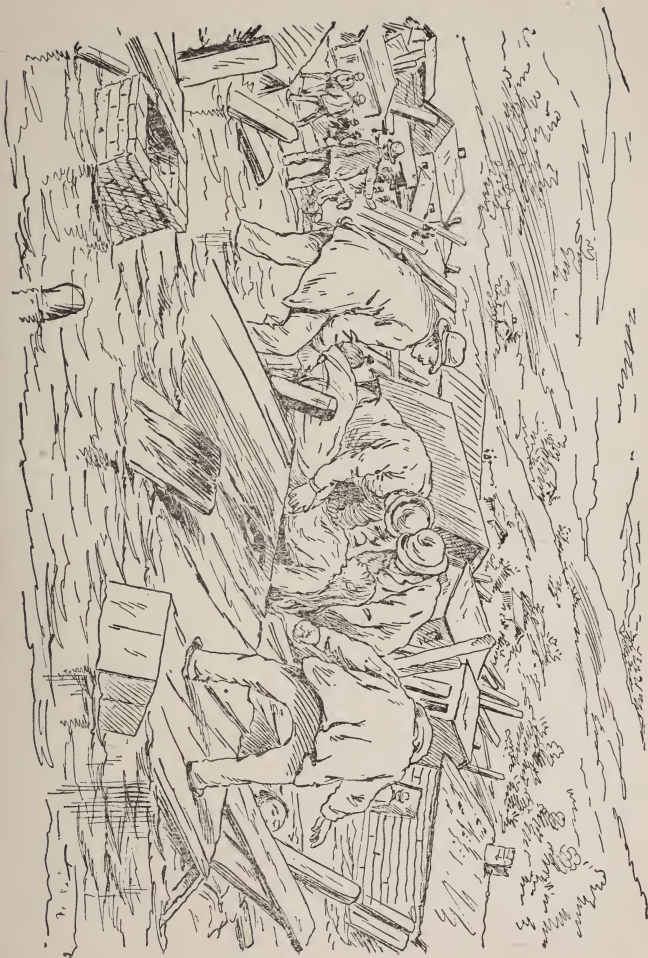
The work of getting the bodies together for easy identification began this afternoon. The central point was Morrillville. On Fairfield Avenue is a vacant lot belonging to Frank Lecky. At 5 o'clock this was almost entirely covered with coffins, while between them, and stooping over them, were weeping men and women. Although the number was short of 100 at 5 o'clock, others will come in, and there is no telling what the total will be. In one rough box was a piece of paper with the words, "Three children." To-night they were lifted out, and all three placed in one coffin. The little bodies were almost naked, and the purple faces bruised and cut. Many of the bodies had not been identified.

#### NO ONE KNEW HER.

In one rude box lay the body of a beautiful young woman. "Any one know her?" called out a committeeman. A crowd passed the box, but no one called her name. On the face was an expression of peace. The features were fine and the clothing ele-



FINDING BODIES AT JOHNSTOWN.—83.





gant. The only disfigurement was an ugly cut on the left temple, sufficient to cause death.

The corpse of another beautiful young woman lay in the extemporized morgue. Several people say it is that of Miss Ida Fischer, a prominent young lady of Johnstown.

#### AWFUL SCENE OF DEATH IN A CHURCH.

The distance to St. Columbia's Catholic Church is a half-mile. The streets to it are filled with broken houses; and in those that were left standing, people were busy shovelling mud from the first floors. The scene at St. Columbia's Church was awful. Forty or fifty bodies had been carried into it, and laid on the muddy seats. The following had been identified at 5 P.M.: Kate Frank, Charles A. Keiss; James Lightner, Justice of the Peace, and wife; Edward O'Neill's baby, Louis Wineseller and wife, Miss Rose McAnaney, Mrs. James P. McConaughy, Daffney Keelan, Thomas Fagan, Mrs. P. Kush, Mrs. Wm. Kirby, Mrs. Hitchin; and Thomas, son of Michael, Hayes.

Lying in a row in this church were five children, from 2 to 6 years old. No one had identified them this afternoon. Their little curls were matted with mud, their nostrils were filled with sand, and the eyes often completely covered. No one had come to wash away the dirt from their tiny faces or the blood stains from awful cuts and bruises. Where are their parents? Across the aisle lay the massive frame of a Hungarian laborer. Strong men as well as children were the torrent's victims.

St. Larles German Catholic Church stands a quarter of a mile below the bridge. Its walls are standing, but inside it is filled with broken benches and ruined images. In it were found the mangled body of P. Eldridge, and the remains of several negroes.

There were men at work in Lower Yoder Catholic Cemetery and Grand View Protestant Cemetery this afternoon, digging trenches. The bodies that were exposed when the waters began falling are in bad condition. Some have already been interred. In the haste and excitement, no definite arrangements seem to have been made for funeral service. The only suggestion that could be obtained at Morrillville was that all the bodies would be buried and general memorial services held after the present suffering is alleviated.

#### THE DISASTER TO THE EAST-BOUND TRAIN.

In a talk to-day with Conductor Bell, of the first section of the day express east, laid up at Conemaugh on the night of the disaster, he said: "The first and second sections stopped side by side at Conemaugh on Friday afternoon on account of the washout at Lilly. The second was next to the hill, the first on the outside. Suddenly I saw what looked like a wall of water. It was thirty feet high. We barely had time to notify the passengers, and they nearly all fled up the hillside. One old man, who with his son returned, for some reason, was drowned. Two cars went down in the current. I do not know how many were drowned. We saw two on top of

the cars. The water set fire to a lot of lime, and the fire caught two Pullman cars, which were destroyed; but no person was burned, all the passengers having left the train before the cars caught. There were about 100 persons on my section, which was made up of day coaches. After the mad rush the passengers went back to the cars, and later were cared for by the people of Conemaugh. Afterward they were taken to Ebensburg. They expected to go east to Altoona this afternoon. Friends of those on the Chicago limited need feel no anxiety, as it was not in the flood at all."

#### MISSING MEN TURN UP ALIVE.

Harry Rose, the popular District Attorney for Cambria, is among the missing, and there is scarcely a doubt that he is among the lost. Many have been reported lost who are not. Col. John Linton and his family are safe. John M. Rose is not dead, as reported, nor Col. James McMillan. The Rev. H. Chapman, also reported dead, is alive. These facts, circulated this afternoon, caused much joy.

A squad of Battery B, under command of Lieut. Brown, the forerunners of the whole battery, arrived at the improvised telegraph office at 6.30 o'clock. He went at once to Adj.-Gen. Hastings, and arranged for proper protection.

Mrs. James Davis, her two daughters and a son, can nowhere be found. At Woodville, there was a row of brick tenement-houses 120 feet long and three stories high. It stood broadside to the current. A few tenants fled, but many went to their

attics to watch the flood. To-day hardly the foundation of the row of brick houses can be found.

Superintendent Kirkland, of the West Pennsylvania Railroad, arrived at 6.30 P. M. with a carload of provisions from Blairsville.

#### CHARNEL-HOUSES IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

There are no coffins here to bury the dead. I saw the last coffin used this afternoon. Three thousand more at least will be needed. Therefore, to the appeal for assistance may be added the words, "Send us coffins by the trainload, for we need them as bad as we do bread."

Charnel-houses have been established in all parts of Johnstown. The principal one is in the public-school building on Adams Street. Two hundred bodies have been taken there for identification since the flood occurred. Lower down in the ruins forty more bodies lie awaiting claimants. Over on the south side, a public hall is filled with sixty or seventy corpses.

In the Morrillville district there are still 85 more corpses grouped in one apartment. These are the dead people taken out of the water and débris at Johnstown and suburbs alone. Add to them the additional 200 or 300 corpses which floated from Johnstown down stream, and are now lying at Nineveh, Florence, Sang Hollow, and Bolivar, and you can get something tangible to base a guess at the total death-list upon.

Later despatches will probably chronicle the recovery of scores more corpses. Now all hope has



fled. Instead of searching among the rescued for their missing relatives, people have consented to believe them dead.

That has but one result : it forces all to admit that there must have been no less than 3000 drowned, and that, of the 10,000 which many people declare are still missing, very few will turn up alive.

In view of these stubborn and appalling figures, which few outside people have refused to believe, no attempt has or will be made to keep a tabulated mortuary list.

Better work was accomplished to-day than ever before in the removal of *débris* from portions of some streets, and the consequent discovery of bodies. The reason of this was the entire withdrawal of water from the heart of the city.

That obstacle gone, men can go to work ; but the worst part of it is, that no human being with any degree of feeling about him can stick at such labor longer than a few hours. Almost every foot of progress a laborer makes in the *débris*, he comes across a dead man, woman, or child. This occurs again and again. It soon becomes sickening.

Corpses lay so close together under the timber and driftwood as to form a cushion upon which it may rest. If you can conceive of such a state of things, then you have before you a true picture of what the site of Johnstown is like this evening. How long will it take the disheartened men of the place to clear up such a stupendous wreck? Each man has lost some dear relative, and there is little incentive for him to work. Perhaps they may get through with their half-hearted toil in three or four

months. Well, then, every day for three or four months additional bodies will be recovered. It will be an entire summer of horrors for Cambria county. Looking either east or west, a person has an unobstructed view through this part of the town. Two days ago you could not see a yard's distance in either direction, because all this ground was built up solidly with brick and frame houses. There were some 400 of them. Not a vestige of even one of them is left. The terrific tidal wave from the mountain reservoir, which took all this down the river, carried with it all the bodies from that part of the city, distributing them all along the Conemaugh valley. The local constabulary has been increased to twenty. A detachment, armed with rifles and bayonets, accompanies each body, as it is found, to one of the morgues. In this way a path is opened up through the crowds for the passage of the death guards. The scenes in these morgues are beyond the power of human skill to describe. As the catastrophe overshadows any other disaster in the history of the United States, so do the scenes of woe and grief surpass all efforts to write an account of it. Words seem to belittle it.

As each corpse is brought in by the armed constable, it is laid upon the top of one of the school desks. In one of the school-rooms there were forty-eight corpses.

The coverlids over the faces were constantly removed to allow weeping visitors to see if they recognized them. Whenever a corpse is identified, it is immediately removed to the laboratory, laid out

on the table, the muddy clothing all cut off, and the body washed.

As proof that hundreds of corpses are still beneath the ruins, the officer of the Johns Hopkins Building, on Main Street, says that 56 persons lie under the wreck of his property. Mr. Stonebreaker, who is in charge of the school-house morgue, says he has investigated, and finds that John Fritz and his family of seven are still buried in his house on Railroad Street. This is true of hundreds of houses in which the occupants perished.

Many bodies still remain in the smouldering ruins of the fire at the railroad bridge. Seven skeletons were taken from it this afternoon, and one woman was rescued alive. Through the windows of Squire's soap-factory are seen the bodies of himself, his wife, and five children.

Efforts will be made to-morrow to recover forty-one bodies known to be deposited under the remnants of the Hurlburt House. In the cellar of the building a dozen human forms can be seen in the water.

The Hungarians and negroes are causing the most trouble. All day long they have been filling up with the whiskey taken from the river on Saturday, and to-night they are in a dangerous mood. The negroes in Johnstown were selling sacks of flour and dress goods for whiskey. They actually had the cheek to drive a wagon to the rear of a wrecked store and load it with goods, and were hauling it away when stopped.

## THE BUILDINGS SWEEPED AWAY.

Only meagre details of the buildings that were swept away can be given at this time. In the Second Ward of Johnstown, there were 1800 houses; now there are seven standing. There are seven wards in the city, and all are as badly wrecked as the Second. The municipal building, a two-story brick, is razed; so is the Post-office, scattering mail from Johnstown to New Orleans. Among others destroyed were the following: Cambria Library, three-story brick; the elegant brick Episcopal Church building; the Cambria Club-rooms, four stories, brick; the English Lutheran Church; the German Lutheran Church; the Hulburt House, four-story, fifty-three guests, only seven escaped; the Merchants' Hotel, rear destroyed, four-story building; and the Opera-house.

Every building on Main Street almost is a total wreck, including many splendid mansions. Walnut Street, probably the prettiest street here, having splendid shade-trees its whole length, is a desolate waste of swampland. Franklin Street, on which stood the Post-office, Lutheran Church, the magnificent Methodist Church, and many other fine buildings, has nothing to show that it ever was a street, excepting the bare walls of the Methodist Church.

Alexander Adair lost sixteen houses, ten in the Fifth Ward. They were worth \$30,000. Mr. Adair, with the assistance of Sheriff Steineman, passed 5000 people over a pontoon bridge they had con-

structed. Ten fine residences on Locust Street, in the rear of the Cambria Company's works, belonging to that company, were destroyed.

#### THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A PARTY OF LADIES.

Miss Fulton, daughter of Manager John Fulton, of the Cambria Iron Works, with five or six others, had a thrilling experience. They were at the First National Bank building and were driven to the roof. At last the building moved and the ladies leaped to another roof. This was moving down stream and they leaped to another, and then to another, avoiding all danger with the rarest good judgment and coolness. They travelled almost the entire length of Main Street on top of roofs, and finally landed safely at Vine Street.

At Charles Zimmerman's livery stable, 28 horses were drowned. One animal was in harness and in shafts. A building struck the stable, and the horse was fastened between two walls. To-day he was found still standing upright, as he died.

Charles Myer and wife, of Braddock, came here this morning to look for their parents and relatives. Myer had not been here long before he was told that Mrs. Myer was found at Pittsburg. He left to telegraph Coroner Maxwell McDowell. It has since been learned that both Mr. and Mrs. Myer were drowned, together with three daughters and a son.

About a dozen printers of the *Johnstown Democrat* were driven to the roof of their boarding-

house in Kernville. They were kept there fifteen hours and were half frozen when taken off.

A special from Saltsburg, Pa., says: The agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to-day obtained possession of a large trunk which was found in the drift pile about a mile east of this place. The trunk contained a large quantity of women's clothing of fine quality, and several letters addressed to Mrs. Swineford, St. Louis; and from their tenor they would indicate that it was Mrs. Swineford's intention to visit relatives in Juniata County, Pennsylvania.

The body of John Stitt, of Blairsville, was recovered to-day near here. The body of a girl about 13 years of age was found opposite Avonmore; and the body of a large woman, evidently a foreigner, was taken from the drift near Salina Tunnel this afternoon.

#### CRYING FOR BREAD.

The scenes at supper-time show that hunger is beginning to drive the sufferers to desperation. They surrounded the freight cars that had been fitted up to feed the hungry, and shouted for bread. At first those in charge tossed the provisions into the crowd and an awful scramble followed.

Children were trampled upon and women were unable to get food, though they need it the worst. Finally the Allegheny and Pittsburg police stopped the throwing of food, and forced the crowd to pass in single file before the car doors.

Then there was no more trouble, though little



children were crying for bread. "Where's that child without stockings?" called out a committee-man from a car filled with clothing. There were a dozen shivering little girls in sight, and as many were poorly clothed to protect them from the weather.

It is very cold here to-night. Many a poor woman and her children are suffering. It is estimated that Councilman James Williams and Undertaker McNulty washed and prepared 250 bodies to-day.

The remains at Morrillville are still in the vacant lot for the night. Many have been placed in coffins ready for burial, and hauled to the hill-tops near the cemeteries.

The Hungarians attacked the cars standing on the tracks to-night to seize clothing and provisions. One was turned over to a deputy-sheriff, and the others were clubbed. Numbers of persons that searched the débris for plunder to-day is surprising.

Poorly clad laboring men may be seen carrying away fine ornamental clocks and rich *bric-à-brac*. Pianos by the dozen are scattered along the river, but they are ruined.

One of the pathetic scenes of the day was a man and his wife who drew from a mass of rubbish a part of a cradle. They looked at it a moment in silence, and then fell to weeping in each other's arms for the loved little one that was gone.

## GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE RELIEF TRAIN'S ARRIVAL AT JOHNSTOWN.

### MANY TERROR-STRICKEN PASSENGER.

*Gov. Hill Issues a Proclamation Calling for Contributions—Mayor Grant to the Rescue—The Entire Country Aroused—Suffering of the Saved, Who are Without Food or Shelter—Thirty Men and Boys Drowned at Sunbury.*

This tale of woe will never be fully told. The nights of horror; the days of hunger, woe, and death; the ruined homes, wrecked fortunes, and all the fearful details of agony along the banks of the Conemaugh, can never be told in print or portrayed by artist's hand. The trip up the Conemaugh from New Florence will ever be memorable. Right upon that train were enacted scenes that were a presage of what was to come farther up the valley, where friends were hunting for friends, and where the cries of the children and the heart-breaking wail of the mother arose to high heaven. In the car were several people who were making all haste to Johnstown. With pale cheeks and tearful eyes, they glanced out the windows at each stopping-place. One poor mother was there who had been away visiting. She had left her husband and four little children only a few days before. She was now hurrying home—for what? As the train neared



McDougal

SCENES AMID THE RUINS.

Sang Hollow a man got aboard who had spent the night at Johnstown. The anxious mother seized his coat and asked for her husband and children. The man, in a pitying whisper, told her the awful news.

"Oh, God in heaven! My four babies are drowned!" she screamed, and sank fainting to her seat. Strong, stalwart men turned away, not able to keep back the tears that filled their eyes. In another seat, sat a quiet-looking man, evidently a well-to-do mechanic. He too was in agony, because in the deluged city there remained not a vestige of his little home, that had been built and paid for by his labor. There were two little children in his home when he had left it. Where were they? He bowed his head upon his hands, and the hot tears streamed down his cheeks. These are only two of the many affecting incidents that took place. The marks on the banks high above the then swollen stream showed where the wave had struck. Immense trees—sycamore, oak, and hickory—had been torn violently from the earth and tossed about like chips. The many islands in the river were covered with these lords of the forest, twisted, torn, and left lying in all conceivable shapes and places. The meadows and wheat-fields along the fertile river-bottoms were swept of their promise of rich, harvests—nothing but rank, slimy mud and ooze, where had smiled the blossoming clover or waved the deep green fields of wheat.

But what is that object lying out there in the middle of what had been an oat-field just west of Nineveh? That is surely not one of the victims of last night's flood. It is. Look at it lying there,

bloated, foul, and horrid, with arms twisted in wild distortion as though still battling with the relentless waves. It will battle no more. Rough but kind hands have already begun the Christian work of preparing it for burial—one of the thousands to come.

#### THEY PRAYED AND WERE SAVED.

From the dam at South Fork to Nineveh, on the Conemaugh, corpses of young and old lie scattered along the shore in neighboring houses waiting for the last sad rites. Many have been identified at all points. Three carloads of coffins have just been received at the stone bridge, and are to be sent to Woodville. The provision cars are stationed at various points along the track between the bridge and Morrillville. All who ask are being supplied.

Many sad cases of distress are witnessed. Many well-to-do ladies lost their entire stock of clothing except that which they wore, and, being thoroughly drenched, they are now walking about Cambria City, endeavoring to dry the wet and mud-stained garments in the heat of the sun. Seven hundred of those who escaped are quartered at Brownsville on the hillside above Sheridan Station. None of these have food, and committees have been sent to aid them.

While the flood was at its height, Rev. Mr. Beam Episcopal minister, and 200 others took refuge in Alma Hall, on Main Street, Johnstown. The water began to rise about this building, and dash about its sides with awful fury. When Mr. Beam called all to prayer, every one responded; and while the



waters rolled, the voices of all rose in supplication to the God of storms. Alma Hall was saved and all in it.

Rev. J. C. Grier, Presbyterian minister, held services in Morrill Institute Hall this afternoon, another building which withstood the fury of the storm. Relief committees from all points have been arriving here all the afternoon. The railroad company is working hard to build a trestle, but no trains will get through for two days at least.

Rev. Mr. Devlin's father and sister were saved. It was reported they were lost.

Every effort is now being made to dress the bodies of the dead. The preparations for burial have already begun, and many persons fear that tramps will begin depredations at dusk; and citizens are arming themselves with shot-guns, rifles, and revolvers to meet the emergency. At noon to-day a vigilance committee was organized.

I have just come from Johnstown proper, over a rope bridge which was completed this afternoon. Robbers are at work there and in Conventville. Many deserted residences have been entered, and articles, not destroyed by the flood, taken by marauders. Some are from Pittsburg, others from Boliver and surrounding points. Bodies are being taken out at all points where Johnstown once stood. In the débris at the Cambria mill and at Woodville, hundreds of bodies have been found. Adj.-Gen. Hastings is on duty in Johnstown, and has charge of a section of the Relief Committee.



## BODIES ALONG THE BANKS.

Look, there is another object lying near that pile of driftwood! It might at this distance be taken for a bundle of water-soaked clothes, but as the hands of the workers lift it, the long, dark hair, matted together with sand and gravel, falls away and reveals the distorted, agonized face of a woman. Within half a mile of Nineveh, the train, without signal or whistle, slowed up and stopped. To the left of the train was a narrow green lane, bordered with brambles and small trees that arched overhead. Up that sylvan aisle came a sad procession. In the lead were four men, tired and wet, carrying between them a stretcher, on which rested the body of a man. A newspaper, laid across the face and shoulders, hid the features from the gaze of the people. Following came another party, bearing on a wide plank all that was left of a woman. The feet were encased in a pair of fine shoes; and their shape and small size—together with the material of the dress—seemed to indicate a woman who had been torn from a wealthy home. Like the preceding corpse, a paper mercifully concealed the picture of the death struggle and agony. The hair had fallen loose, however, and hung down, almost touching the ground. Then came another party, bearing the body of a man. The corpses were taken aboard the train and carried to Nineveh. On the opposite side of the river were a group of men who had rescued two or three bodies from the stream. They shouted and waived their hats to call attention to the bodies, but no one could reach them.

## IN THE DEAD-HOUSE.

At Nineveh, the ghastly burdens that had been gathered as the train passed along were taken off and added to the number that had already been collected in the station ware-room. There was a sight to make the stoutest shudder. Ranged according to size, from the stalwart man to the helpless babe, were over ninety bodies. There lay the grizzled, horny-handed laborer, his working-clothes, soaked and sodden, clinging to his bruised and broken limbs. There lay the form of a care-worn mother, the scant hair drawn back from the pale brow, and the work-worn hands folded over the breast. A plain, homely dress and pair of coarse shoes showed the housewife; and that the flood had taken her away almost in the midst of household work. But saddest of all, away down at the foot of that ghastly row, lay a golden-haired angel of a baby. With the slimy mud clinging to that tender little body, with its baby-clothes torn and drenched, there was still something so sweet and peaceful about the pretty face, and the dimpled hands crossed on the river-stained bosom, that one could hardly realize that the baby had been the toy of the waves for miles down through the gorges of the mountains.

## ON TOWARDS WORSE SCENES.

The train pushed on, forcing its way as near the centre of the devastation as possible. The scenes witnessed in the meadows below Nineveh were



RUINS OF ST. JOHN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.  
(101)



repeated. At each little village the signs of the fury of the deluge increased. Here was a house overturned and there was the wreck of a stable. Scattered along the shore until the latter was lined with the wreckage, were piled the ruins of hundreds of houses. Where they came from could only be guessed. There would be seen the entire side of a two-story frame house, windows, doors, and all. At another place would be seen large carpets strung on the limbs of trees, bed-clothing strewn among the bushes, and every evidence that houses had been broken and their contents whirled a dozen miles from where they had rested.

#### SANG HOLLOW.

Sang Hollow was reached about 11 o'clock. The passengers had to leave the train at this point, as the railroad tracks were so washed away that, if connections are made within the next month, wonders will have to be worked. It was a sad company that disembarked from that train. The nearer the wretched people approached to their former houses, the more forcibly did their misfortunes strike them. Each object along the wreck-strewn banks brought to their minds some article belonging to their own household. The heart-weary mechanic spoken of above was seen to rush to a pile of rubbish and pull out a coat and other garments thinking that he recognized them as his own or as those of some member of his family.

For a mile not a particle of the track was in proper position. Some of it lay in the river ; some

of it was turned on its edge and lay along the embankment like a mammoth picket fence bound together with steel girders.

#### MORE TROUBLE.

Passing this, the next obstruction was the body of an immense sycamore-tree laying across the tracks. A hundred men were behind the log, trying to roll it on; but the united strength of three hundred could scarcely budge it a foot. With this work going on (the object being to clear the way for a wreck-train that was standing on the track), there lay, not twenty feet away from the track, the body of an old man, evidently a laborer. His wrinkled face covered with a few days' growth of beard, was upturned to the waves, from whence had come the deluge that had swept him and thousands more into eternity. The body had been picked up in an adjacent swamp where, a rescuing party were in search of other unfortunates. As your correspondent passed the body with a motion of horror and pity, a burly railroader, whose water-soaked garments testified to the faithful work he had done, said: "That's nothin'; you will find hundreds of such in the swamp above, that cannot be reached until the water goes down."

#### CORPSES ON EVERY HAND.

The swamp referred to was reached in a few minutes, and standing on the bank a woful sight met the eyes. There lay a swamp several acres in extent



about half a mile west of Merrillville, and in its noisome bosom had been deposited the wrecks of hundreds of dwellings piled from twenty to fifty feet high. There could be seen in all its details the ruin of happy homes. Kitchen utensils, fine brussels carpets, easy-chairs, broken sofas, stoves, bedsteads, babies' cradles, and parlor organs were all mixed together. A little brat of a child had crawled out to where the instruments lay, and was trying to get music out of an organ. A few bodies had been recovered from the swamp, but it was known that many more had been swept into it with the houses; and the eddies of the torrent had whirled others from the main current and deposited them, to be torn and mangled, among the timbers and mud.

#### EXPOSURE WILL KILL MANY.

The intense excitement of the past forty-eight hours has proved too much for many of the sufferers who escaped death in the flood. Many cases of nervous prostration have been reported to the attending physicians to-night. Brain fever has developed in half a dozen instances, while some are threatened with pneumonia and kindred ills. Mrs. John Connelly, of Morrillville, who lost her husband and three children, is very low. Mrs. David Lewis, of Sheridan Station, has died of exposure. Many little children are not expected to live. These, with those who are wounded beyond recovery, are expected to swell the rate at least 100 more.

It is learned to-night that between one hundred and fifty and two hundred persons who resided in

the Six-mile Gap, between South Park and Woodvale, have perished in the flood. Scarcely a building has been left standing along the entire route.

#### NOT INSURED AGAINST WATER.

The loss of property is aggravated by the uncertainty of recovering one dollar of insurance. Many buildings, it is true, were burned; but that was in the bridge conflagration, after the other element, against which there was no insurance, had almost completely ruined the structure.

Many workmen, who had invested the savings of a lifetime in real estate, can now scarcely designate the sites of their homes: the buildings have gone; all their household goods and wearing apparel are lost. Scores who were in comfortable circumstances on last Memorial Day, do not now own the clothing they wear. The safes in the banking establishments of Johnstown still remain intact, but thousands of dollars in money and large quantities of valuable jewelry were swept down the river.

The police reported at 11 o'clock that well-dressed but suspicious-looking strangers are wandering through the ruins. They are supposed to be professional crooks, and a close watch is kept on them.

Twenty-two officers from Pittsburg and ten from Allegheny have been sworn in as special deputies. Gen. Hastings told me to-night that he would not order out the Fourteenth Regiment. Since then a rumor has reached here that the command named is now at Sang Hollow, three and a half miles away, and that it is coming here in the morning.

## AT THE BROKEN STONE BRIDGE.

A rope bridge is being utilized for the passage of people to and from the abutment of the stone bridge to Johnstown. This bridge gave way this afternoon, when Col. Norman M. Smith and Chas. Clayton, of Johnstown, were in the act of crossing. Both were hurled into the water and rescued, as told elsewhere. The scenes in and about the stone bridge and on the site of the old city are of the saddest description. Strong men can be seen either standing or walking to and fro, weeping, while women are frenzied and hysterical. The reaction has set in. The lingering hope that friends or relatives might have escaped the fury of the raging torrents has been dispelled. Wives who thought their husbands, torn from their side when the deluge came, might have been saved at some point below, to-day gave up in despair. Fathers who searched for news of lost ones have at last found their worst fears realized.

To-morrow will be the most horrible day yet, as people are beginning to realize their irreparable losses, and many are breaking down. There is still a vast amount of work to be done, and workers are needed. There are already far too many sight-seers and loafers. A trainload of pile and bridge timbers has just arrived. The railroad company say they will have the chasm spanned and ready for trains by to-morrow morning. Two hundred and fifty men are now at work,

## THIEVES AS WELL AS THUGS.

At midnight three men were discovered by the police in the act of breaking open a safe in the cellar of a wrecked building, and made an attempt to capture the would-be safe-crackers, but the latter showed fight and began throwing stones at the police. The latter rallied in superior numbers and surrounded the cellar, but the thieves had escaped in the darkness. Thomas Morris, a special deputy, was struck on the head with a stone and sustained a severe scalp wound. Three drunken men, while crossing the foot-bridge to-night, got into a wrangle, when one either fell or was pushed into the stream. He was rescued with considerable difficulty.

## A SCHOOLBOY'S HEROISM.

On the day express east on Friday morning was Charles Hepenthal, an eighteen-year-old boy of East Liberty, who distinguished himself. He was on his way to Bellefonte, Pa., where he is attending school. When the train was stopped at Sang Hollow by the flood, the passengers all left the cars to view the rushing water. They saw countless bodies floating by, and were utterly powerless to bring them to shore. A small frame house came down the stream and floated into the eddy nearly opposite the train. The passengers got as close to the house as possible and heard the faint crying of a babe.

Young Hepenthal at once expressed his determination to rescue the child. Attempts were made to dissuade him from what seemed to be a fool-

hardy act, but he persisted in going ahead. The bell cord was cut from the cars and tied around the body of the venturesome youth, who swam to the house, entered it and in a few minutes later emerged with the babe in his arms and brought it to shore amid the cheers of the crowd. He told them that the child's mother was still in there and he was going to get her out also. Procuring a railroad tie he made another trip to the house, and after much difficulty brought the woman safely to land. They had scarcely left the floating structure when a sudden surge swept it into the stream and it was soon out of sight. The mother and babe were well cared for, and their rescuer was the hero of the hour.

#### THESE ARE SAFE.

General Manager Mellen, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and his daughter, are safe and well at Altoona. Lawyer George Sylvester, of Chicago, and his wife and children, are also safe.

Huge R. Garden is all right in Pittsburg, and was not on the unfortunate Pennsylvania train, as was at first reported.

## GOV. HILL'S PROCLAMATION.

THE GENEROUS-HEARTED OF NEW YORK ALWAYS  
WILLING TO RESPOND.

ALBANY, June 2.—Gov. Hill to-day issued the following proclamation in reference to the Pennsylvania disasters:

*State of New York, Proclamation by the Governor:*

A disaster unparalleled of its kind in the history of our nation has overtaken the inhabitants of the city of Johnstown and surrounding towns in our sister-State of Pennsylvania. In consequence of a mighty flood, thousands of lives have been lost, and thousands of those saved from the waters are homeless and in want. The sympathy of all the people of the State of New York is profoundly aroused in behalf of the unfortunate sufferers by the calamity. The State, in its capacity as such, has no power to aid, but the generous-hearted citizens of our State are always ready and willing to afford relief to those of their fellow-countrymen who are in need, whenever just appeal has been made.

Therefore, as the Governor of the State of New York, I hereby suggest that in each city and town of the State relief committees be formed, contributions solicited, and such other appropriate action taken as will promptly afford material assistance and necessary aid to the unfortunates. Let the citizens of every portion of the State vie with each other



in helping with liberal hand this worthy and urgent cause.

Done at the Capitol this 2d day of June, in the year of our Lord 1889.

DAVID B. HILL.

By the Governor:

William G. Rice, Private Secretary.

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## IN THE VALLEY OF THE DEAD.

TWO THOUSAND BODIES TAKEN OUT OF THE CONE-  
MAUGH RIVER, AND MANY THOUSANDS OF  
PEOPLE MISSING.

*Fully 10,000 Perished, and Those That Escaped Are in Danger of Starving—Awful Scenes Witnessed by Men Who Were the First to Reach the Fatal City—The Ruins at the Viaduct on Fire, and Little Hope of Ever Rescuing the 2000 Corpses Imprisoned Under the Debris—A Little Babe, Born in the Water During the Deluge, Taken Out of the River at Sang Hollow—Mrs. Halford, Wife of the President's Private Secretary, One of the Passengers Rescued from the Lost Train.*

A SCENE of horror such as probably was never before seen by human eye met the gaze of the party of newspaper men—the first to reach the devastated city—when they clambered down the mountain side back of what was once Johnstown. It was just day-break, and each glint of light breaking through the

night shades opened up some new scene of the awful tragedy to view.

The site of the city is still submerged, the viaduct below with its acres of debris forming a dam which holds the water in. Human bodies seem to be everywhere. Practically nothing remains of Johnstown.

Every building in the city has either been entirely carried away by the raging waters, or so damaged as to ruin it completely. Whole streets are swept clear of every trace of habitation. Down at the viaduct the debris is heaped up nearly 100 feet high. Frame buildings, brick buildings, cars, furniture and everything conceivable is in the huge mass.

Here and there a human body can be seen, while arms and limbs, rigid in death, stick out everywhere. The accounts published of the awful calamity, far from being exaggerated, have not appreciated the terrible reality of this greatest tragedy of the age.

#### THE WORK OF RESCUE.

After the first party of explorers, came many others, bringing skiffs, ropes, ladders and other articles for the work of rescue. It was not long before the labor of gathering in the bodies of the victims was begun.

A temporary morgue was established, wires were strung down the mountain side, and a short time before noon the devastated district was again in communication with the outside world.

A corps of operators of the Western Union Tele-

graph Company began to send out messages to Pittsburg at 11 o'clock.

From the best information obtainable at this hour, it would seem that the total number of lost will not fall below 8000, and it may go over 10,000. To add to the terrible catastrophe, it is feared that many of those who escaped to the mountains have perished from starvation and hunger. Those who ran to the hillsides at the approach of the water are no doubt pressed for food.

They had to camp in the bushes, and the women and children suffered greatly from hardship, besides being half crazed with anxiety over the fate of friends and relatives.

The water is now receding slowly. When the viaduct is cleared of the debris which chokes the arches, the real state of affairs can be ascertained.

The eastern end of Main street, through which the waters tore most madly and destructively, and in which they left their legacy of wrecked houses, fallen trees and dead bodies in a greater degree than in any other portion of the city, has been cleared, and the remains of over fifty taken out of the portion cleared. All over the town the searchers have been equally successful. As soon as a body is found it is placed on a litter and sent to the morgue, where it is washed and placed on a board for several hours to await identification.

#### SAD SCENES AT THE MORGUE.

The morgue is the Fourth Ward school-house, and it has been surrounded all day by a crowd of several thousand people. At first the crowd was

disposed to stop those bearing the stretchers, uncover the remains and view them, but this was found to be prolific not only of great delay, but also of scenes of agony that not even the bearers could endure nor the thousands calmly stand up under. Now a litter is guarded by a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets in charge of a sergeant, and the people are forced aside until the morgue is reached.

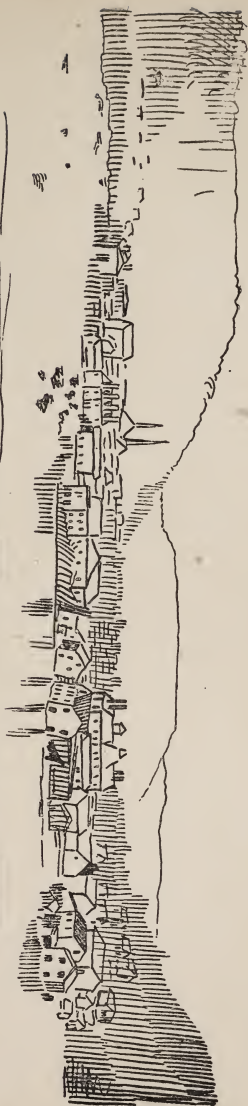
The whole corps of Western Union Telegraph operators was lost last Friday evening. Among them were Mrs. Ogle, manager, who for twenty-five years has acted as receiver of Associated Press reports here, and her daughter Minnie, also a well-known operator; also Misses Gorman and Watkins and three messenger boys who were unable to escape from the building.

It is thought by many that fully 2000 persons were burned to death in the debris at the bridge. The Cambria Iron Works Company announce that they will rebuild their plant at once. The work of burying the dead is proceeding rapidly, and necessarily with scant ceremony, as decomposition has set in in most cases.

The total number of bodies recovered in the Conemaugh Valley up to midnight was about 2000. Only one-quarter of these have been identified, and it is doubtful if half of those recovered will ever be recognized.

#### A BABE OF THE FLOOD.

One of the most touching scenes of this day of horror was the finding of the body of a little babe in the water near Sang Hollow. It was a child of



VIEW FROM GEN. HASTINGS' HEADQUARTERS.—113.





the flood, it having been born in the water. Near by was floating the body of its mother.

There were no dry eyes among the party of rescuers that tenderly laid the bodies on a rough litter to carry them away to the already over-crowded morgue.

The massive accumulation of debris extending from 800 to 1000 feet along the south shore of the Conemaugh and immediately above the bridge is now in complete possession of the flames, and will be until the arrival of further relief from Pittsburg, so that another pang is added to those who had hoped to rescue the remains of their friends and relatives from the debris.

#### A HUGE FUNERAL PYRE.

The magnitude of the horror increases with the hours. It is believed that not less than 2000 of the drowned found lodgment beneath the mass of debris in the triangle of ground that the Conemaugh cut out of the bank between the river proper and the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge.

When the upsetting of a cook-stove ignited the mass and the work of cremation began, it was a costly sacrifice to the demon of the flood, being a literal breast of fire.

There was the greatest funeral pyre in history. The victims were not upon it, but were parts of its horrible construction.

Whole houses were washed into the apex of the triangle. Hen coops, pigstys, stables, the refuse of the gutters, the contents of sewers, whole lumber

yards, boom upon boom of logs, composed the mass.

The smoke arose in a huge funnel-shaped cloud. At night the flames lit up this misty remnant of mortality.

The effect upon the living, ignorant, and intelligent, was the same. That volume of smoke, with its dual form, produced a feeling of awe in many that was superior in most cases to that in the awful moment of the storm's wrath on Friday afternoon. Hundreds stood for hours regarding the smoke and wondering if it forbade another visitation more dire than its predecessor.

A party of searchers saw two men robbing the body of a woman to-day. The thieves were caught. In one of their pockets was found a lady's ear, entire, sliced from the head with a sharp knife.

In the ear lobe was a sparkling diamond. The captors placed ropes around the necks of the villains and strung them up to the nearest tree until they were dead. They then cut them down and buried them.

#### SHOT A LOOTER DEAD.

Reports of looting and wholesale robbery have been greatly exaggerated. There is a disposition on the part of the Hungarians and negroes to raid houses, but not the dead. The measures adopted by the police have a tendency to frighten them off in nearly every case. One "Hun" was caught in the act of robbing the body of an old lady, but protesting that he got nothing was released. It was afterward found that he had taken \$100 from the

corpse. Threats to lynch these thieves on sight also had a good effect to keeping them away.

This afternoon C. L. Dick, ex-Mayor of Johnstown, and several other gentlemen, while patrolling that part of the city known as the "Point," discovered a party of "Huns" looting the houses and robbing the dead. The parties had no guns with them, but Mr. Dick leveled his revolver at one of the plunderers and shot him dead. He fell into the river, and no further attention was paid to his remains.

The city is guarded to-night by over 300 special officers. A special train of twelve cars loaded with provisions has just arrived,

At 5 o'clock to-night a party of farmers surrounded fourteen Hungarians who were robbing the dead and succeeded, after a lively battle with clubs and rocks, in driving three of them into the middle of the stream, where they sank beneath the waves.

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## IN THE FATAL CITY.

### TERRIBLE SCENES WITNESSED BY THE FIRST PARTY TO GET INTO JOHNSTOWN.

THE first force of rescuers and press representatives, who have been making every effort for several days to gain an entrance into the valley in which was located the city of Johnstown, accomplished their purpose just as the light of this morning's sun broke over the mountain tops surrounding

the place of desolation. The news received in this city during the day confirms in almost every detail all of the gravest fears, statements and conjectures that have been entertained.

All reports received agree that the city is literally a ruin, the description of which is simply impossible. From Johnstown to Mineral Point tower the Pennsylvania road-bed has been completely swept away. For a distance of one-fourth of a mile the road is uninjured, then comes another complete wreck to a point above South Fork.

Twenty-seven Pennsylvania railroad locomotives and an unknown number of both freight cars and passenger coaches are lying in the river bed under the debris of Johnstown at the stone bridge. The towns of Woodvale and Conemaughborough, above Johnstown, are swept as clearly off the face of the earth as if they had never had an existence. Of Woodvale's population of 1,500 souls barely half a dozen have been accounted for. The Hungarian colony at Cambria City are stealing and plundering everything they can reach.

The work of exhuming the dead at Johnstown has only begun, but already more than 100 bodies have been carried out of the ruins. Eleven car-loads of finished coffins and thirty undertakers arrived during the day, and the work of interment, which began this afternoon, will rapidly progress under the direction of a specially organized force of men.

Nineveh will hereafter be known as the city of the dead, for at this point the Conemaugh has given up a large portion of its dead. When the

water receded from the fields over which it had flowed there were exposed stiff, naked, bruised and mangled bodies of men, women and children, from the aged to the infant, lying in the soft mud and presenting a most horrible scene. Nunemacher's planing mill was used as a temporary morgue, and it was there that the blood-stained, swollen and disfigured remains, both of whites and negroes, were first placed for protection and identification.

Some of the faces were wreathed in dimpled smiles; upon others death stamped looks of agony and horror that spoke the inexpressible language of the soul while struggling with death. Most of the bodies recovered at this place were those of Catholics, and around their necks hung emblems of that religion. The attire and features of a majority showed them to be of the lowly class; yet there were many bearing evidence of culture, refinement and prosperity.

Directly across the river, in Indiana County, there are 315 bodies reported lying in the open air unattended. The officials of Indiana County have sent word that they would attend to the recovery of these bodies during the day.

#### THE MAJORITY WILL FILL NAMELESS GRAVES.

The probabilities are that a large majority of the victims will never be identified, and will fill nameless graves.

#### THE POOR BEAUTY.

Rich and poor were served alike by this terrible disaster. I saw a girl standing in her bare feet on

the river's bank clad in a loose petticoat and with a shawl over her head. At first I thought she was an Italian woman, but her face showed that I was mistaken. She was the belle of the town—the daughter of a wealthy Johnstown banker—and this single petticoat and shawl were not only all that was left her, but all that was saved from the magnificent residence of her father. She had escaped to the hills not an instant too soon.

The Solicitor of Johnstown, Mr. George Martin, said to me to-day :

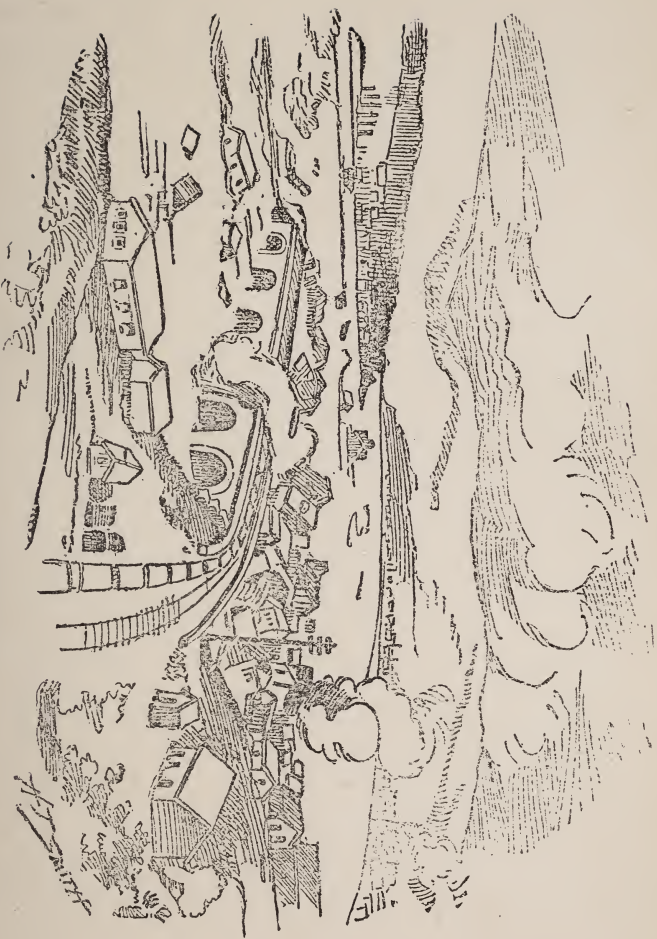
“All my money went away in the flood. My house is gone. So are all my clothes, but, thank God, my family is safe.”

#### SUNDAY AMONG THE DEAD.

All Saturday night 500 laborers toiled at the railroad tracks, and at 8 o'clock this morning the first train passed over the road from Sang Hollow to Johnstown. It was received along the line with cheers and shouts of joy from the hundreds of sufferers who were waiting beside the track to obtain the supplies contained in the relief trains. Three trains had laid in Sang Hollow all night waiting to get through. The first train to pass over the reconstructed track was that sent out by the citizens of Pittsburg, and manned by the Americus Club. The train brought glad news and much needed relief to hundreds of starving women and children. The “God thank you's” would have touched the heart of a hardened cynic.

A wild, surging stream still separates the two parts of the city, and it will be several days before





THE GIVING WAY OF THE BRIDGE.

communication is thoroughly established. The work of repairing the railroad bridge is going forward rapidly, and it is expected that by Tuesday or Wednesday trains will run across it. The fire in the drift above the railroad bridge is still burning fiercely, and will continue to do so for several days.

The skulls of six people can be seen sticking out of the ruins, just above the east end of the bridge. The Pennsylvania Railroad depot is full of dead, all of whom have been identified except five. The fire was at first looked upon as a crowning horror, but it may turn out a blessing, as it will destroy a vast area of débris that it would otherwise take months to get out of the road. Yesterday would have been pay-day at the Cambria Iron Works.

#### MONEY AND MISERY.

The money, \$80,000, was drawn from the bank on Friday evening, and was placed in the vaults at the Company's office. It is still there and is a constant temptation to the many professional and amateur thieves who are on the ground. James J. Fronheiser, the General Superintendent of the Cambria Iron Works, was found this morning sitting on a pile of drift fully thirty feet high, south of the club-house. He was crying like a child. His wife and little boy lay buried underneath the drift. At least he thought they were there, as he had crawled out of the pile of drift and pulled his little girl out with a broken leg. He could hardly speak, and could not be induced to leave the place. Everybody that came by sympathized and offered a word of comfort to the heart-broken man.

## THEY SAW DEATH COMING.

John Wians is safe. He says he was standing at the Baltimore & Ohio depot and saw a column of water ten feet high coming down through the town. He started to run for the hill, and on his way he passed a man with his arm around a lady. He looked back after he had gone half a square and the man and woman had disappeared. Mr. Crouse, proprietor of the South Fork Fishing Club Hotel, came to Johnstown this afternoon. He says that when the dam of Conemaugh Lake broke the water seemed to leap, scarcely touching the ground. It bounded down the valley, crashing and roaring, carrying everything before it. For a mile its front seemed like a solid wall twenty feet high. The warning given the stricken city was sent from South Fork Village by Freight Agent Dechert. When the great wall that held the body of water began to crumble at the top he sent a message begging the people of Johnstown for God's sake to take to the hills. He reports no serious accidents at South Fork. Richard Davis ran to Prospect Hill when the water raised. As to Mr. Dechert's message, he says just such have been sent down at each flood since the lake was made. The warning so often proved useless that little attention was paid to it this time. "I cannot describe the mad rush," he said. "At first it looked like dust. That must have been the spray. I could see the houses going down before it like a child's play-blocks set on edge in a row. As it came nearer, I could see houses

totter for a moment, then rise, and the next moment be crushed like egg-shells against each other."

#### THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A tour of the valley east of Johnstown station shows that the entire region is cleared out, just as if it had been swept with a mammoth broom. Houses, stables, street lamps, railroad tracks—everything is gone. The frightful torrent that came down the valley took all with it, and pushed it forward against the doomed City of Johnstown. The railroad has a heavy job ahead of it in rebuilding its track up the Conemaugh Valley. At Sang Hollow the track from Pittsburg ends just beyond the telegraph tower, and for a distance of several hundred yards nothing remains except a semblance of a road-bed. Both tracks are washed into the river. The torrent has cut into the bank so at this point that the road-bed of only one track remains. For a mile beyond this, going east, the track is lifted off the permanent way. In some other places one set of rails, or cross-ties, lie directly on top of the others. Then, again, both hang over the bank; then, perhaps, there is a stretch of good track, then all is washed away. Following this, beginning at Sheridan station, there is a good piece of track to the stone bridge at Johnstown. On this bit of track, fortunately, there was a sand train with three or four cars when the frightful casualty occurred. It is now used for transporting passengers and goods back and forth.

## WRECK ALONG THE ROAD.

From Johnstown to Mineral Point tower the road bed has been completely swept away. From that on there is probably a quarter of a mile of good road and then another complete wreck to a point above South Fork. Twenty-seven locomotives belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad are lying in the river-bed, under the débris of Johnstown, at the stone bridge. The town of Woodvale and Cone-maugh Borough, above Johnstown, are swept as cleanly off the face of the earth as if they had never had an existence. Of the first-named town not a house is left standing. Out of a population of 15,000 souls barely half a dozen have been accounted for. Of these, Joseph T. Bracken, with one of his children, swam all the way down the stream to a point below Johnstown, where they succeeded in landing. His mother-in-law, one son and two daughters are lost. Bad as his case is, it appears one of the most fortunate of the ill-fated town. The *Leader's* Johnstown correspondent, James A. Blough, is said to be lost. His house is completely swept away, and he has not been seen or heard from. The chances are against his being found among the surviving.

## THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

The following is the authorized committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens to take charge of provisions and supplies for Johnstown, Woodvale, and neighboring places: John Higson, Chairman; William F. Jackson, Secretary; George Ho-

bicht, Ed. Schnell, Andrew Reik, Eli Driscoll, John Cush, Thomas Hayes, Thomas Cush, Aaron Davis, Peter McKernan, Michael Hoop, John Higgins, Pat Cush, Jerry Schnell, Andrew Shoemaker.

\* HE WAS THERE.

The rumor to the effect that the day express on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which left Pittsburg on Friday morning, had been wrecked and overflowed near Johnstown has been confirmed by the conductor, S. E. Bell. To the writer Conductor Bell gave the following account of the disaster: "When we arrived at Conemaugh on Friday we heard of the washout at Lilly's, just above us. We were ordered to lay over at Conemaugh until further orders. At 3.45 o'clock a raging torrent came rushing down upon us and almost completely deluged the place. The baggage-car and one coach, the latter in the middle of the train, were turned over and thrown from the track. As the coach rolled down the embankment at the side of the track we noticed two men climb out of the car window on the roof. The car turned over again and again, and still they were seen on top, but after the third time we saw them no more. It is impossible to tell how many persons were lost on the train. I did not go through on the cars after we left Johnstown." Chairman Rosenstein, of the Johnstown Relief Committee, says he actually saw one place at Johnstown where the river was gorged with dead bodies.



## A RACE FOR LIFE.

H. M. Bennett and S. W. Keltz, engineer and conductor of engine No. 1165, an extra freight which happened to be lying at South Fork when the dam broke, tell a graphic story of their wonderful flight and escape on the locomotive before the advancing flood. At the time mentioned Bennett and Keltz were in the signal tower at that point awaiting orders. The fireman and flagman were on the engine, and two brakemen were asleep in the caboose. Suddenly the men in the tower heard a loud, booming roar from the valley above them. They looked in the direction of the sound, and were almost transfixed with horror to see two miles above them a huge, black wall of water, at least one hundred feet in height, rushing down the valley upon them. Only one look the fear-stricken men gave the awful sight, and then they rushed for the locomotive, at the same time giving the alarm to the sleeping brakemen in the caboose, but with no avail. It was impossible to aid them further. So they cut the engine loose from the train, and the engineer, with a wild wrench, threw the lever wide open, and away darted the engine on a mad race for life. For a moment it seemed that they would not receive momentum enough to keep ahead of the flood, and they cast one despairing glance back. Then they could see the awful deluge approaching in its might. On it came, rolling and roaring like some Titanic monster, tossing and tearing houses, sheds, and trees in its awful speed as though they were mere

toys. As the men on the flying engine looked behind they saw the two brakemen rush out of the cab, but they had not time to gather the slightest idea of the cause of their doom. The car, men, and signal-tower were tossed high in the air and disappeared in engulfing water. With a shudder, as if at last it comprehended its peril, the engine leaped forward like a human creature, and sped down the valley. But, fast as it went, the flood gained upon it. Hope, however, was in the ascendant, for, if the engine could be got across the small bridge above Johnstown, the track below would lean towards the hillside in such a manner that it would be comparatively protected. In a few breathless moments the shrieking locomotive whizzed around the last curve and was in sight of the bridge! Horror! Ahead stood a freight train, with the rear end almost on the bridge, and to get across would be impossible. Engineer Bennett then reversed the lever and succeeded in checking the engine as it glided across the bridge. When it came to a stop he and his companion jumped and ran for their lives up the hillside, as the bridge and tender of the locomotive they had just left were swept away into the current like a bundle of matches.

#### FEARS OF PESTILENCE.

Pittsburg and the towns and cities on the rivers are threatened with a dire calamity. The Conemaugh flows into the Allegheny; from the Allegheny the water is drawn that flows into all the houses of this city. From this water a stench is arising. It is being filled with the putrid flesh of



*A*-OLD DAM USED BY THE TOWN AS A RESERVIOR.    *B*-OLD DAM SLUICWAY.    *C*-OLD DAM WATER LINE.  
*DD*-FISHING CLUB DAMMED TO THE HEIGHT OF —    *E*-FISHING DAM WATER LINE.—127.



the thousands of bodies that have been unrecovered. Already the water is black and no one will drink it unless forced to by dire necessity. As the bodies further decompose it is feared that this will give great cause for alarm. Physicians dread an epidemic, not only here, but in the river towns below where water is taken from the Ohio. This evening the Health Board are considering a proposition to take the ice supply and have it used by the citizens for the coming week, until the pestilential fluid is washed out of the river beds.

#### HORRORS ON HORRORS.

Worse and worse are the reports from the stricken city. Frank P. Hearne, the iron manufacturer of Wheeling, arrived in this city to-day and registered at the Monongahela House, foot-sore and badly fatigued, after a journey of thirty-two miles over the mountains on foot. He was covered with mud, and he gives a very thrilling account of the scenes at Johnstown. "It was almost 4 o'clock Friday afternoon," he said, "when the first signs of the awful disaster appeared. It was first reported that the dam had burst at South Fork, but it was denied. However, all persons were on the lookout for such an occurrence, and shortly after the alarm had been given, the dam did burst. Houses were turned over and everything was carried away. All of the drift, which was about ten miles in length, became clogged up at the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge. It is a magnificent stone bridge, and as the river grew high the drift piled up in heaps—houses, barns, lumber-yards, and everything imaginable jammed



together—and the main part of Johnstown lodged at that point. The drift covered about three-fourths of a mile long and five acres in breadth. Where once was the fine city there is now only a three-story grocery and the school-house. These buildings are all that are left of the hundreds of houses. And many people are located in the school-house. There is a strong strain on the bridge, but it is a strongly built structure and withstands all force. When the *débris* took fire the most heartrending scenes were witnessed, and groans were heard on all sides. All day it was like one big funeral. Everybody met in Johnstown has a sorrowful tale to tell about his or her lost relatives, and it is one awful wail from dawn until night. The newspapers have not exaggerated the tale. The scenes were so sickening and mournful, and as darkness settled over the once thriving city last night it certainly presented a death-like appearance. People lined the mountains, and here and there small fires were seen where families were trying to cook provisions, while above all was the great flaming mass of *débris* burned at the bridge, its flames rising high into the air. There are sorrowing tales on every side. The Cambria Iron Works and the Gautier Steel Department were destroyed. The great broad stream alone is calm. I had a very hard time to get back. I went from Johnstown over the mountains to Bolivar, a distance of thirty-two miles, on foot, and from there I reached this city—glad to get away from the awful scenes.”



## HELPING THE STRICKEN CITY.

The usually quiet streets of Pittsburg on Sunday were to-day alive with excited people eagerly seeking news from Johnstown. In front of the newspapers bulletins the crowds were so dense as to almost entirely block travel and each new poster was read with an interest that to many was more than mere curiosity. Telegraph offices were thronged with people trying to receive some word from friends and relatives in the stricken city. When the wires started working to Johnstown this morning there were on file at the Western Union office 1,000 telegraphic inquiries from all parts of the continent for friends and relatives. Of these how few will ever be answered! Early in the morning seven carloads of provisions left the Union Depot for Johnstown on a special train. Many cars, loaded with provisions, bedding, etc., arriving from points west, north, and south, and are being rapidly forwarded to the scene of disaster. A scene of activity was presented at the Chamber of Commerce this morning. A number of gentlemen of the Relief Committee were present receiving telegrams, official and private, from towns and cities in this and other States, receiving contributions of money from churches and individuals, and answering questions for those who came to seek information.

A special train conveying two fire engines and hose carriages with a full quota of firemen left here about noon for Johnstown. Twenty-eight policemen of the Pittsburg force accompanied them un-

der command of Inspector McAleese. The coffin manufacturers here are worked to their fullest capacity, and coffins are being shipped rapidly. This morning ten carloads were sent down, containing 2,200 coffins. They will be distributed at various points along the river, where the dead have been collected.

Reports are coming in from towns throughout the western part of this State, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia, of citizens' mass-meetings being held, and donations in aid of the sufferers are fast pouring in. A despatch from Steubenville, O., states that Mr. Scott Salkeld, with his little son, left that place on Monday for South Fork, and it is feared they perished in the flood. A benefit by the "My Partner" theatrical company to be given in aid of the sufferers was advertised to be given in one of the theatres in this city this evening. The fact coming to the ears of the Law and Order Society, however, there were given notice that the performance would not be permitted. This action is severely censured by the community. The rivers are receding slowly, and all apprehension of danger is passed.

## A RUINED CITY.

AT NINEVEH THE TORRENT, TIRED OF IT'S WORK,  
HAS LEFT HUNDREDS OF BODIES.

NINEVEH, Pa.—This will hereafter be known as the City of the Dead, for at this point the Cone-maugh has given up a large portion of its victims. Yesterday, when its fury had subsided and the river became too weak to longer carry them along, stiff and naked, bruised and mangled, the bodies of men, old and young, women and young girls were left lying in the soft mud.

The occasion was such that the usual dread of contact with the dead was lost in the urgency of the moment, and horses and men went into service to recover the bodies. Theodore F. Nunemacher offered the use of his planing-mill for the temporary disposition of the bodies, and it was there that they were laid side by side, some of them mud-stained and blood-stained, swollen and disfigured, while others were smiling as placidly as though pleased with the sudden and rough solution of life's problem. One little fellow's face bore upon it the expression of a child that is about to burst into tears. Upon another death stamped looks of agony and horror.

From these low lands ninety-seven bodies were recovered up to the time daylight ended. Men and beasts were then too much exhausted to continue the work, and further removal of bodies was aban-

done until this morning. Coroner Hammer arrived on the ground at 10 o'clock yesterday morning and gave orders that the bodies should be washed, embalmed, and laid out for identification. An undertaker was sent up by Mayor McCallin, of Pittsburgh, with some of his most experienced employees to do this work.

As fast as possible the tattered clothing was removed, and the bodies washed and embalmed and placed in coffins. They were then removed to a vault store room adjoining the planing mill, where they are arranged in rows, convenient for the purpose of identification, and thus they will remain for two or three days, at the end of which time those unclaimed will be buried at the expense of the county.

Most of the women were Catholics, for around their necks were hung emblems of their religion, which were replaced after washing and embalming.

All night long the undertakers and their assistants remained faithfully at work. Daylight found them with their tasks yet uncompleted, and themselves pushed almost beyond the powers of human endurance.

Sheriff McCandless, of Alleghany County, with Undertaker Williams and others arrived at midnight last night and this morning relieved the night force.

When the bodies found here, together with five shipped here from Coketown and twelve from New Florence, have been prepared for burial, less than one-third of the work will have been done. Directly across the river in Indiana County there are

315 bodies reported lying in a district where there are only two houses and ten inhabitants, who have succeeded in laying out sixteen bodies ready to be placed in coffins.

Commencing at this point in the meantime a large number of bodies will have to remain in the open air unattended to, and should warm weather set in immediately epidemic results might follow.

The human buzzard has found his way to this place, and is robbing the bodies of money and jewelry.

One of the heroes of the hour is William King, of Latroba. He had two children boarding in Johnstown, and when news of the flood reached him he at once started for the place, but finding he could not reach there stopped at Nineveh and examined the dead around here, thinking he might find the remains of his children among them. He was not so unfortunate. He at once took off his coat and spent the night in helping to wash and lay out the bodies. He did not make known his possible bereavement, nor did he speak to any one. He will this morning work his way to Johnstown, and, if possible, relieve his suspense.

Squire Rogers, of this place, says that the scenes early yesterday morning were thrilling beyond description. Hundreds of people passed down the river with the drift. They looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept their eyes fixed ahead. Some of them passed within three feet of the shore, but they made no effort to leave the drift, nor did they heed the shouts of those on shore. A child, probably four years old, went down on a drift-float

and continually played with a lot of sticks, wholly unmindfully of its perilous position. An effort was made but it was utterly impossible to reach the child.

Word has been received that the Indiana (Pa.) County authorities have made provision for caring for the 315 dead on the other side of the river. Owing to the swiftness of the current, it is as yet impossible to cross the stream and get a consignment of coffins intended for that side. No effort has been made to recover any more bodies. Five are known to be on the flats, and many more are supposed to be there. The water has receded below the upper edge of the bank, and it is presumed that many dead people will be found in the piles of drift-wood thickly scattered along the shore, and upon which shreds of clothing are clinging as yet. There has been no influx of people seeking to identify any of the bodies. The probabilities are that a large majority of them will never be identified, unless the identification is casual, for the reason nameless graves. During the day several persons succeeded in making a tour of what is left of Johnstown. On the upper floor of the club house, the best preserved building standing, five bodies are lying unidentified. One of them was of a woman of fine appearance. Here and there bodies can be seen sticking in the ruins. There is no doubt that, wild as the estimates of the loss of life and damage to property have been, it is even larger than there is yet any idea of.

More than 2000 residences lie in the confused mass of burning débris lodged above the stone



bridge at the lower end of the town. The ruins are filled with decomposing bodies. Six blackened skulls, from which the flesh has been burned, can be seen protruding from the wreckage just above the east end of the bridge. They are close together.

The Western Union Telegraph Company succeeded in opening a temporary office in an abandoned oil-house on the mountain side and have seven good wires working to Pittsburg, but none east. The chasm between the railroad bridge and the depot has just been spanned by a rope bridge. The river can now be crossed at this place in safety. The skiffs sent from Pittsburg arrived this afternoon and will greatly aid in the search for bodies among the débris in the still furiously rushing river.

Several hundred bridge builders and track men are repairing the railroad company's property, and trains will be able to cross the chasm by to-morrow morning. Conductor S. E. Bell, who was in charge of the day-express on Friday, turned up to-day and confirmed the reported destruction of his train by the avalanche of water, as reported in last night's dispatches. He says there is no doubt but that a number of persons were carried down to their death when the train was washed from the track. Some, however, heeded the warning in time to escape to the mountain side.

J. G. Gill and thirty-five men who had started in a wagon to go up the mountain were all drowned by the reservoir torrent, which overtook them. Gus McHugh, an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad, was sleeping in his house at Conemaugh when the torrent rushed down the valley. His wife

was away from home. McHugh and four children were drowned.

#### TWELVE WENT DOWN WITH THE TRAIN.

At Superintendent Pitcairn's office in this city it was stated to the many inquiries for information of friends who were on the second section of the day-express, which was reported to have been burned near Conemaugh—twelve of the passengers are missing. Mr. Pitcairn was unable to give the names of any of the persons on the train, but it is known that on it were W. W. Patrick, the banker, and wife of Pittsburg; Rev. M. Robinson of the Theological Seminary, and Miss Jennie Paulson, from whom their friends have received no word. The officials at the other end of the division are taking a list of the passengers who have succeeded in getting over, and thus possibly the list of the missing can be accurately ascertained in due time.

Frank Schaeffer of Meyran avenue, this city, received a telegram to-day from his son, Frank, in Johnstown, reporting the death of Frank's brother and twenty other relatives of the family—three brothers-in-law and their families.

Ex-Deputy Revenue Collector, Samuel Hawthorn of Alleghany received information to-night that four brothers, two sisters, seventeen nephews and nieces had perished in the flood at Johnstown.

#### TO CLEAR AWAY THE RUINS.

Vice President and Director James McMullan of the Cambria Iron Company says their loss has been well nigh incalculable, and, while it has entered into

VIEW IN SANDYVALE CEMETERY.—135.





their revenues, they are not daunted or discouraged, but will to-morrow begin the work of clearing up the ruins of their mills preparatory to rebuilding and repairing their works.

They will also immediately rebuild the Gautier Iron Works, which was obliterated by the flood. This is the disposition of all the others. A dozen of the business men said to-day: "True pluck survives. Our pockets are light, but if nothing more happens all of us will be in business again."

The central portion of Johnstown is as completely obliterated as if it had never had foundations. The river has made its bed upon the sites of the dwellings, and a vast area of sand, gravel, and furrowed grounds mark the old channel.

It is doubtful if it is possible ever to reclaim what was once the business portion of the city. The river will have to be returned to its old bed in order to do so, and that is an engineering feat hardly possible.

#### ALL THE VALLEY TOWNS DESTROYED.

Conemaugh, Woodvale, Kernville, Cambria City and other surrounding towns in the flooded district are as badly off as Johnstown. At Conemaugh the inhabitants of the lower lying portion of the town have been literally wiped out of existence. At Woodvale the percentage of death is even greater than that at Johnstown. Kernville has only a house or two as a monument to its former respectable proportions.

Cambria City is not even a ghost of its former self, while all along the line of the torrent the

isolated houses of hundreds are without occupants. The relief provisions for Johnstown must be extended to these other places as rapidly as railroad transportation facilities can be furnished. The towns named all lie between Johnstown and the South Fork dam, whose bursting caused the disaster.

At Woodvale the dead bodies of hundreds are lying in the débris relatively as numerous as they are in Johnstown.

#### HUNDREDS WERE KILLED BY BEING STRUCK BY THE WHIRLING WRECKAGE.

The recovery of bodies has taken up the time of thousands all day. The theory now is that most of those killed by the torrent are buried beneath the débris, and the events of to-day's work in the ruins in a large degree justifies this assumption. Six bodies were taken out of one pile of rubbish not eight feet square this morning. The truth is that bodies are almost as plentiful as logs, only the swirl of the waters puts the bodies under and the logs and boards on top in the general stacking up of the animate and inanimate.

Arms standing out at right angles to the bloated and bruised bodies show that death in ninety nine cases out of a hundred took place amid the ruins, that is, after the wreck of houses had closed over them. Dr. D. G. Foster, who has been here all day, is of the opinion that most of the victims were killed by coming in violent contact with objects in the river and not by drowning. Three hundred bodies have been recovered to-day.



## THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE DEAD.

*Human Monsters Who Rob the Corpses—The Great, Broad River Alone is Calm, Silent, and Serene—Pathetic Plight of the Village Belle—Relief Schemes Everywhere Taking Practical Shape.*

THRILLING STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—I have just come from Johnstown proper, over a rope bridge which was completed this afternoon. I reached there at 5 o'clock last (Saturday) night, and tell only what I did see and do know.

The mighty wave that rushed through this Conemaugh valley on Friday evening cut a swath of death thirteen miles long. In its way lay one of the most thickly populated centres of the Keystone State, and within a few minutes from the time the dam at Lake Conemaugh broke houses were rolling over one another in a mad whirl, as they were carried by the seething waters down the gorge between the Endless hills. At Johnstown the whole centre of the city was cut as if a mammoth scythe had passed over the land. At that place was a large stone bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, one of the strongest that that Company owns. The Conemaugh River is crossed by it at an angle. Into this angle houses, trees and fences that came down the left side of the river rushed and were

piled one on top of another, until the arches under the bridge were closed, the current of the Conemaugh was changed, and the wreckage began to pile on high, until rafters and timbers projected above the stone. Then the houses, nearly all crowded with people, crashed one after another until this terrible wreckage extended a half-mile up the stream. No pen can tell the horror of the shrieks of the thousands who were in the mass of floating ruin.

#### BURNED OR BURIED ALIVE.

Shortly after the blockade had formed, the dry timbers of the houses caught fire and the mass nearest the railroad bridge became a glowing furnace. Hundreds of people who had not been drowned or crushed in the mad rush downstream were burned alive. Their shrieks as the flames reached them made the most stout-hearted wring their hands in agony at their inability to render assistance. The wind blew from upstream. The air became filled with the gruesome odors of burning human flesh until at last the horrors to sight, hearing and smell became so great that persons in the vicinity were forced to leave the place. Meanwhile the greater bulk of houses had gone down along the right bank. One mad rush carried away a portion of the stone bridge, and then the flood bore down upon the thousands of homes and floated them further westward in the Conemaugh.

## THE DANGER COMING.

It was only a little after 5 Friday afternoon when the first warning came, and as it had been raining heavily all day the citizens of Johnstown and the neighboring hamlets thought that the slowly rising waters only meant a light flood. Thus the inhabitants were either grouped in windows or in the open doors, watching what they expected would be an imposing spectacle, but nothing more. No one seemed to think it necessary that they should take to the hills, and so all were caught in the fearful rush.

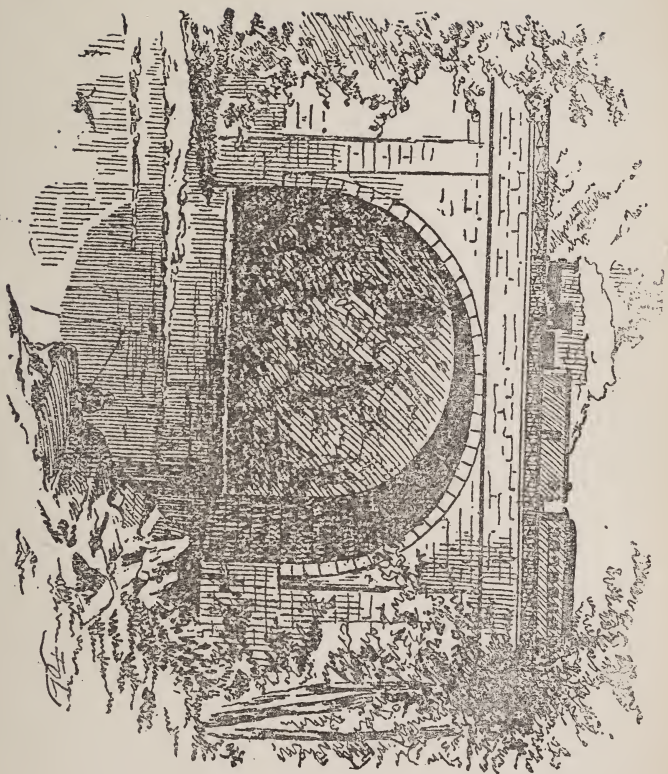
## WALKING IN THE TORRENT'S PATH.

I walked late yesterday afternoon from New Florence to a place opposite Johnstown, a distance of four miles. I describe what I actually saw. All along the way bodies were seen lying on the river banks. In one place a woman was half buried in the mud, only a limb showing. In another was a mother with her babe clasped to her breast. Further along lay a husband and wife, their arms wound around each other's necks. Probably fifty bodies were seen on that one side of the river, and it must be remembered that here the current was the swiftest, and consequently fewer of the dead were landed among the bushes. On the opposite side bodies could also be seen, but they were all covered with mud. As I neared Johnstown the wreckage became grand in its massive proportions. In order to show the force of the current I will say that three miles below Johnstown I saw a grand piano

lying on the bank, and not a board or key was broken. It must have been lifted on the crest of the wave and laid gently on the bank. In another place were two large iron boilers. They had evidently been treated by the torrent much as the piano had been.

#### HUNTING FOR THE DEAD.

The scenes, as I neared Johnstown, were the most heartrending that man was ever called to look upon. Probably three thousand people were scattered in groups along the Pennsylvania Railroad track and every one of them had a relative lying dead either in the wreckage above, in the river below, or in the still burning furnace. Not a house that was left standing was in plumb. Hundreds of them were turned on their sides and in some cases three or four stood one on top of the other. Two miles from Johnstown, on the opposite side of the river from where I walked, stood one-half of the water-works of the Cambria Iron Company, a structure that had been built of massive stone. It was filled with planks from houses, and a large abutment of wreckage was piled up fully fifty feet in front of it. A little above, on the same side, could be seen what was left of the Cambria Iron Works, which was one of the finest plants in the world. Some of the walls are still standing, it is true, but not a vestige of the valuable machinery remained in sight. The two upper portions of the works were swept away almost entirely, and under the pieces of fallen iron and wood could be seen the bodies of more than forty workmen.



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## WHAT I SAW.

At this point there is a bend in the river and the fiery furnace blazing for a quarter of a mile square above the stone bridge came into view.

"My God!" screamed a woman who was hastening up the track, "can it be that any are in there?"

"Yes, over a thousand," replied a man who had just come from the neighborhood, and it is now learned that he estimated the number at one thousand too low.

The scenes of misery and suffering and agony and despair can hardly be chronicled. One man, a clerk named Woodruff, was reeling along intoxicated. Suddenly, with a frantic shout, he threw himself over the bank into the flood and would have been carried to his death had he not been caught by some persons below. "Let me die," he exclaimed, when they rescued him. "My wife and children are gone: I have no use for my life." An hour later I saw Woodruff lying on the ground entirely overcome by liquor. Intemperance was a merciful boon in his case. Persons who knew him said that he had never tasted liquor before.

## ARRIVAL OF THE THUGS.

Probably fifty barrels of whiskey were washed ashore just below Johnstown, and those men who had lost everything in this world sought solace in the fiery liquid. So it was that as early as 6 o'clock last night the shrieks and cries of women were interrupted with drunkards' howls and curses. What was worse than anything, however, was the



fact that incoming trains from Pittsburg brought hundreds of toughs who joined with the Slavs and Bohemians in rifling the bodies, stealing furniture, insulting women and endeavoring to assume control of any rescuing parties that tried to seek the bodies under the bushes and in the limbs of trees. There was no one in authority, no one to take command of even a citizens' posse could it have been organized. A lawless mob seemed to control this narrow neck of land that was the only approach to the city of Johnstown. I saw persons take watches from dead men's jackets and brutally tear finger-rings from the hands of women. The ruffians also climbed into the overturned houses and ransacked the rooms, taking whatever they thought valuable. No one dared check them in this work, and consequently the scene was not as riotous as it would have been if the toughs had not had sway. In fact, they became beastly drunk after a time and were seen lying around in a stupor. Unless the military is on hand early to-morrow there may be serious trouble, for each train pours loads of people of every description into the vicinity, and Slavs are flocking like birds of prey from the surrounding country.

#### THE DEATH SCORE.

Here I will give the latest conservative estimate of the dead:

It is between seven and eight thousand drowned and two thousand burned.

The committee at Johnstown in their last bulletin placed the number of lives lost at eight thousand. In doing so they are figuring the inhabitants of

their own city and the towns immediately adjoining. But it must be remembered that the tidal wave swept ten miles through a populous district before it even reached the locality over which the committee has supervision. It devastated a tract the size and shape of Manhattan Island. Here are a few facts that will show the geographical outlines of the terrible disaster: The Hotel Hurlburt, of Johnstown, a massive three-story building of 100 rooms has vanished. There were in it seventy-five guests at the time of the flood. Two only are now known to be alive. The Merchants' Hotel is levelled. How many were inside it is not known, but as yet no one has been seen who came from there or heard of an inmate escaping. At the Conemaugh round-house forty-one locomotives were swept down the stream and before they reached the stone bridge all the iron and steel work had been torn from their boilers. It is almost impossible in this great catastrophe to go more into details.

I stood on the stone bridge at 6 o'clock and looked into the seething mass of ruin below me. At one place the blackened body of a babe was seen; in another, fourteen skulls could be counted. Further along the bones became thicker and thicker, until at last at one place it seemed as if a concourse of people who had been at a ball or entertainment, had been carried in a bunch and incinerated. At this time the smoke was still rising to the height of fifty feet, and it is expected that when it dies down the charred bodies will be seen dotting the entire mass of burned débris.

A cable had been run last night from the end of

the stone bridge to the nearest point across—a distance of 300 feet. Over this cable was run a trolley and a swing was fastened under it. A man went over, and he was the first one who visited Johnstown since the awful disaster. I followed him to-day.

#### SLEEPING ON THE GROUND.

I walked along the hillsides and saw hundreds of persons lying on the wet grass wrapped in blankets or quilts. It was growing cold and a misty rain had set in. Shelter was not to be had, and houses on the hillsides that had not been swept away were literally packed from top to bottom. The bare necessities of life were soon at a premium and loaves of bread sold at 50 cents. Fortunately, however, the relief train from Pittsburg arrived at 7 o'clock. Otherwise the horrors of starvation would have been added. All provisions, however, had to be carried over a rough rocky road a distance of four miles (as I knew, who had been compelled to walk it), and in many cases they were seized by the toughs, and the people who were in need of food did not get it. It may sound strange to say much about the damage to property, but it must be remembered that the living are those who now suffer and aid is asked for the thousands who are left homeless and without a change of clothing. The damages, including personal losses, cannot fall short of \$40,000,000.

I learned in Johnstown that the Great Chartiers Steel Works are swept away with all the valuable

machinery. This alone entails a loss of that all belonging to them have probably met the same fate.

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## DARING AND SUFFERING.

### INCIDENTS DURING THE CALAMITY.

AMONG the miraculous escapes to be recorded in connection with the greast disaster is that of Geo. J. Leas and his family. He resided on Iron street. When the rush of water came there were eight people on the roof. The little house swung around off its moorings and floated around nearly a half hour before it came up against the bank of drift above the stone bridge. A three-year-old girl, with sunny golden hair and dimpled cheeks, prayed all the while that God would save them. It seemed that God really answered the prayer of this innocent girl and directed the house against the drift, enabling every one of the eight to get off. Mrs. Leas carried the little girl in her arms, and how she got off she doesn't know. Every house around them except theirs was crushed, and the people were either killed or drowned.

Mr. Leas's neighbor, Mrs. Fitzgerald, implored Mrs. Leas to help her, but while she was pleading the house was crushed and she was swept away.

The Lewis family of five, who were neighbors to Mrs. Leas, she says, all went down.

Those who are living are anxious that the fact be

published in order to satisfy friends and relatives elsewhere.

Dr. Wakefield has issued a call for physicians to come, as they are needed. There are plenty of people here with broken arms, legs and bruises that need medical attention.

Nine hundred tents which Gov. Foraker gave have arrived and are being erected under direction of Adj't-Gen. Axline of Ohio. About 100 family tents are already in position. Their advent was hailed with delight by the many homeless families. Ministers of various denominations have reached here.

The Relief Committee have telegraphed to Pittsburg for morphine, chloroform, hypodermic syringes and bandages to relieve the terrible suffering of the injured. A carload of skiffs and a carload of Chicago dressed beef has just passed this place on the way to Johnstown.

#### COULD THE CALAMITY HAVE BEEN AVERTED?

James Stevens, of Johnstown, who was in Pittsburg, when informed of the extent of the horror, exclaimed: "We expected it! I have a wife, two children and two sisters living on Union and Chestnut streets, and if that terrible dam has gone I have lost them all."

He was told that the new Pennsylvania bridge was reported swept away. "Oh, my God!" said poor Stevens, turning even whiter still, "then Johnstown is swept away. That new bridge was as substantial as Gibraltar, and before it gave way it must have backed the water up so high it flooded

everything and everybody. It is ten times worse, a thousand times worse, if it gave way, as you say, before the dam actually broke, for it means I have lost home, wife and family.

"Now," said he, "let me tell you something about Johnstown that might not be known. The Conemaugh River has been narrowed and narrowed by the eagerness of man until sometimes its width could hardly be over thirty-five feet. The Pennsylvania Railroad company laid a double track from the Gautier barbed wire mill down to Johnstown Station, about half a mile, and narrowed the river so much that the Cambria Iron Works threatened to sue them, but nothing was ever done. The Cambria Iron Company, too, has been dumping slag into the river until a back water set in, and these narrow channels, aided by the heavy abutments of the new Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, must have forced water all over the town before the immense abutments gave way."

L. L. Smith General Manager of the Gautier Steel Works, arrived here to-day from Milwaukee, where he had been attending a meeting of wire manufactures. He has lived in Johnstown all his life. "That railroad bridge," he said, "did the whole damage. Had I been there I would have blown it up with dynamite had I been apprised in time of the flood that was coming. I told my wife last winter that in case of a big ice gorge against that bridge and if the town was threatened with being flooded I would blow up that bridge if I had to go to the penitentiary for it."





STREET SCENE IN JOHNSTOWN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)—J. L.



Those who know Mr. Smith say that he would do just what he said.

A sturdy rescuer went this morning to one of the partially submerged buildings to rescue a woman. He had a good boat, and was a good oarsman, but the current was too strong for him and he was swept down stream. He managed to get the woman landed on a roof, but he was thrown into the stream and swept down under the bridge. He caught a rock and held on for life for almost three hours, when he was rescued with ropes.

#### A GOOD SWIMMER.

Col. Norman M. Smith, of Pittsburg, attempted to cross on the rope bridge that had been improvised to carry people over the channel, when he slipped and fell into the river at the swiftest point. He had heavy clothing and rubber boots on, but he was a sturdy swimmer and finally reached shore without assistance.

#### VISITED AT THE WRONG TIME.

Louis Dallmeyer and Harry Lauffor of Pittsburg, started on horseback from the Merchants' Hotel on Friday afternoon, just after the water began to rise. They have not been heard from since and are supposed to have been lost.

Miss Ida Fahnestock, of Pittsburg, had a very narrow escape from death. She came to Johnstown on Memorial Day to visit the family of Mr. Boyd. When the flood came the house of the Boyds was swept away with the entire family clinging to the roof. They, with Miss Fahnestock,

were saved by climbing through the window of the public school and remaining in the third story until rescued in boats. The Boyds escaped unhurt. Miss Fahnestock was slightly injured. She is at present with the family of Peter Gerhart, of Kernville.

#### WHAT SAVED THE CHURCH.

The Catholic church at Cambria City, where many of the bodies are lying, is looked upon with a good deal of awe by many of the citizens of that locality. When the flood came it struck the building with full force, damaging it greatly. The only entirely unharmed spot in the whole church is the corner in which stands the image of the Virgin. Hundreds of people have visited the building to-day to gaze at the white figure, standing alone untouched in the midst of so much devastation.

A man standing on the east side of the river at noon to-day called over to a friend on the other side: "Hello, Jack. Lost any friends?"

Jack did not reply in words; he merely held up the five fingers of his right hand. He had lost a wife and four children, yet he was working incessantly to relieve the sufferings of others. This is the spirit that pervades the survivors, one and all. Personal grief is lost sight of in the general feeling of woe and necessity.

Two hundred pounds of dynamite arrived this afternoon and was carefully stowed away. It will be used in breaking the gorge of houses above the bridge and getting the débris started down the river.

The first burial took place this afternoon. The work of interment will be carried on by an organized band of men as rapidly as possible.

One lady told this morning of seeing her mother crushed to pieces just before her eyes and the mangled body carried off down the stream.

William Varner lost six children and saved a babe about eighteen months old. His wife died just three weeks ago.

#### NARROW ESCAPE OF SECRETARY HALFORD'S WIFE.

The first train bringing passengers back to Pittsburg from Johnstown arrived there at 11:30 o'clock yesterday. Mrs. E. W. Halford, wife of Secretary Halford, and her daughter were on board. They had a narrow escape for their lives. Three trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad were swept from the tracks and most of the passengers were drowned.

Among those found this morning who were given up as lost is Miss Natie Downs, about twenty-five years of age. Her mother and two sisters are drowned. Mr. Watkins and family of nine people got out of the Walker House.

#### THEY ESCAPED JUST IN TIME.

Mrs. J. F. Moore, wife of a Western Union Telegraph employee in Pittsburg, escaped with her two children from the devastated city just one hour before the flood had covered their dwelling place. Mr. Moore had arranged to have his family move Thursday from Johnstown and join him in Pittsburg. Their household goods were shipped on Thursday and Friday, just in time to save them.

selves. The little party caught the last train which made the trip between Johnstown and Pittsburg.

Mrs. Moore was seen to-day. "Oh! it was terrible," she said. "The reservoir had not yet burst when we left, but the boom had broken, and before we got out of the house the water filled the cellar. On the way to the depot the water was high up on the carriage wheels. Our train left at 1:45 P.M., and at that time the flood had begun to rise with terrible rapidity. Houses and sheds were carried away, and two men were drowned almost before our eyes. People gathered on the roofs to take refuge from the water which poured into the lower rooms of their dwellings, and many families took flight and became scattered. Just as the train pulled out I saw a woman crying bitterly. Her house had been flooded and she had escaped, leaving her husband behind, and her fears for his safety made her almost crazy. Our house was in the lower part of the town, and it makes me shudder to think what would have happened had we remained in it an hour longer. So far as I know, we were the only passengers from Johnstown on the train."

Mrs. Moore's little son told the reporter that he had seen the rats driven out of their holes by the flood and running along the tops of the fences.

#### HE SAVED ALL EXCEPT HIMSELF.

A spring wagon to-day came slowly from the ruins of what was once Cambria. In it, on a board and covered by a muddy cloth, were the remains of Editor C. T. Schubert, of the Johnstown *Free Press*, German. Behind the wagon walked his friend



Benjamin Gribble. Editor Schubert was one of the most popular and well-known Germans in the city. He sent his three sons to Conemaugh Borough Thursday, and Friday afternoon he and his wife and six other children called at Mr. Gribble's residence. They noticed the rise of the water, but not until the flood from the burst dam washed the city did they anticipate danger. All fled from the first to the second floor. Then as the water rose, they went to the attic, and Mr. Schubert hastily prepared a raft, upon which all embarked. Just as the raft reached the bridge, a heavy piece of timber raised from the water and swept the editor beneath the surface. The raft then glided through, and all the rest were rescued. Mr. Schubert's body was found this afternoon beneath a pile of broken timbers. This evening his coffin was carried to his widow and children at the house of a friend in Morrellville.

#### BORN DURING THAT AWFUL NIGHT.

James M. Walters, an attorney, spent Friday night in Alma Hall, and relates a thrilling story. One of the most curious occurrences of the whole disaster was how Mr. Walters got to the hall. He has his office on the second floor. His home is at No. 135 Walnut Street. He says he was in the house with his family when the waters struck it. All was carried away. Mr. Walter's family drifted on a roof in another direction; he passed down several streets and alleys until he came to the hall. His dwelling struck that edifice and he was thrown into his own office. About 300 persons had taken

refuge in the hall and were on the second, third, and fourth stories. The men held a meeting and drew up some rules which all were bound to respect.

Mr. Walters was chosen president, and Rev. Mr. Beale was put in charge of the first floor, A. M. Hart of the second floor, Dr. Matthews of the fourth floor. No lights were allowed, and the whole night was spent in darkness. The sick were cared for, the weaker women and children had the best accommodation that could be had, while the others had to wait. The scenes were most agonizing. Heartrending shrieks, sobs and moans pierced the gloomy darkness. The crying of children mingled with the suppressed sobs of the women. Under the guardianship of the men all took more hope. No one slept during all the long, dark night. Many knelt for hours in prayer, their supplications mingling with the roar of the waters and the shrieks of the dying in the surrounding houses.

In all this misery two women gave premature birth to children. Dr. Matthews is a hero—several of his ribs were crushed by a falling timber, and his pains were most severe; yet through all he attended the sick. When two women in a house across the street shouted for help, he with two other brave young men climbed across the drift and ministered to their wants. No one died during the night, but women and children surrendered their lives on the succeeding day as a result of terror and fatigue. Miss Rose Young, one of the young ladies in the hall, was frightfully cut and bruised. Mrs. Young had

a leg broken. All of Mr. Walters' family were saved.

#### THE TERRIBLE PLIGHT OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

The handsome brick high school building is damaged to such an extent that it will have to be rebuilt. The water attained the height of the window sills of the second floor. Its upper stories formed a refuge for many persons. All Saturday afternoon two little girls could be seen at the windows frantically calling for help. They had spent all night and day in the building, cut off from all aid. Without food and drinking water their condition was lamentable. Late in the evening the children were removed to higher ground and properly cared for. A number of persons had been taken from this building earlier in the day, but in the excitement the children were forgotten. Their names could not be obtained.

Morrell Institute, a beautiful building and the old homestead of the Morrell family, is totally ruined. The water has weakened the walls and foundations to such an extent there that is danger of its collapsing. Many families took refuge in this building and were saved. Now that the waters have receded there is great danger from falling walls. All day long the crashing of walls could be heard across the river. Before daybreak this morning the sounds made one shudder at the thoughts of the horrible deaths that awaited many who escaped the flood.

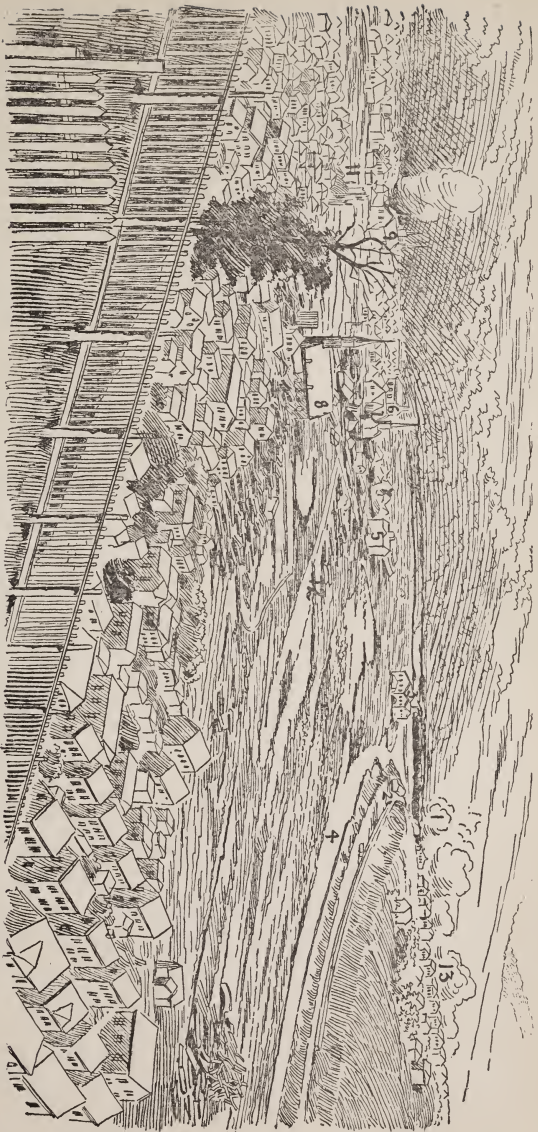
Library Hall was another of the fine buildings of the many in the city that is destroyed. Of the

Episcopalian Church not a vestige remains. Where it once stood there is now a placid lake. The parsonage is swept away and the rector of the church, Rev. Mr. Dillon, was drowned. The church was one of the first buildings to fall. It carried with it several of the surrounding houses. Many of them were occupied. The victims were swept into the comparatively still waters at the bridge, and there met death either by fire or water.

One of the most touching incidents was the drowning of a father, mother, and three children. They came down on a raft and just opposite Sang Hollow, the raft struck a pile of drift and went to pieces, and all five went down in the mad current. A moment later two heads were seen above the water and two hands clutching at the roof. That was the last seen of that family. One woman was seen going down on a raft with both eyes lying out on her cheeks. She was dead, having been crushed among the timbers. Men and women with arms broken, blood streaming down over their faces and their bodies cut, bruised, and bleeding were a frequent sight.

Two little children about five years old, with their little hands clasped together, were carried down on a raft, and following them on another raft, was a lone woman, kneeling in the attitude of prayer. Her face was turned heavenward and her hands were clasped. She seemed resigned to her fate.

At Garfield a little fellow about twelve years old, a bright, intelligent boy, entertained a crowd with the story of his thrilling escape. His father had a



Bird's Eye View of Johnstown, from 1500 feet up the Allegheny Mountains, looking toward Stony Creek.—159.

- |  |                         |                             |  |
|--|-------------------------|-----------------------------|--|
| 1.—Penn. R. R. Bridge, where the river is<br>clogged up. | 4.—Conemaugh River.     | 8.—German Lutheran Church.  | 11.—Catholic Church Burned, many lives lost<br>here. |
| 2.—Penn. R. R. Depot.                                    | 5.—R. & O. R. R. Depot. | 9.—Catholic Church.         | 12.—Main Street of Johnstown.                        |
| 3.—Woodbury Store.                                       | 6.—Methodist Church.    | 10.—German Catholic Church. | 13.—Camoria Iron Works in Valley.                    |
|  | 7.—Presbyterian Church. |                             |  |





big store in Morrellville. He says there were nine people in the house. The water rose until they were chased into the third story. Suddenly the house gave a lurch and went to pieces. He found himself in the water and climbed out on a section of the roof. He has no idea what became of the other inmates that were in the house.

#### NOT BORN TO BE DROWNED.

An aged German, his wife and five daughters, floated down on their house to a point below Nineveh, where the house was wrecked. The daughters were drowned, but the old man and his wife stuck in a tree, and hung there for twenty-four hours before they could be taken off.

A Latrobe special says: "Mrs. Sylvester Herner and daughter were brought in to-night on a train from Johnstown. Both are badly used up. The woman carried her daughter seven miles through the water to a place of safety. The father, son, and one daughter were drowned. They lived on Stony Creek street in Johnstown.

At Verona, ten miles up the Alleghany River from Pittsburg, yesterday afternoon a man named McCutcheon was employed in catching driftwood, when in a clump of interlaced drift he thought he saw something out of the ordinary. He rowed to the spot and there, securely held in the branches, was a cradle and in it a little five-months-old baby, who smiled up in his face as he snatched it from its watery bed.

A woman and little girl were rescued from Johnstown and taken to Derry. The woman was in par-

turition and was carried on a lounge, her sole remaining piece of property. She was taken to Latrobe for hospital treatment.

A large and valuable trunk was found along the river bank with the name "C. B. Covert, Pittsburg," painted on the side. The trunk is very heavy and is unredeemed.

Engineer Delazier says that the people at Sang Hollow deserve a great deal of credit for what they did. Every man and even the women were on the bank of the river with ropes, and at every opportunity did what they could to rescue the drowning.

After providing for the passengers who were sent to Ebensburg, Supt. Trump made his way to Blairsville Junction, a distance of nearly twenty-five miles walking most of the way on the north bank of the Conemaugh river. On reaching Blairsville Junction he telegraphed the news of the awful calamity to his superior officers. The round-house at Conemaugh was completely destroyed, and a number of freight engines were washed down to the stone bridge at Johnstown. All the works east of Johnstown bridge are completely washed away. West of the bridge some of the works remain, but they are badly damaged. The railroad track is entirely washed away between Conemaugh and Bridge No. 6, a distance of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Supt. Trump states that there was a train-load of provisions and groceries in the Company's yard at Conemaugh, and the cars were broken open by the citizens, and as a result they were well supplied against possible want.

About 11 o'clock the wreckage diminished in volume, and the timber became less heavy. About

this time, also, the river commenced to recede. A detail of several officers patrolled the banks, and no accidents are reported. One wrecker caught a barrel half filled with whiskey and towed it ashore. Upon landing the find a Government officer took charge of it, and had it stored in the Revenue office.

The Commissioners and Poor Directors of Indiana, Cambria, and Westmoreland counties will meet to-morrow morning at Nineveh to decide upon a plan for the burial of the dead. It is likely that a plot of ground will be selected just across the river in Cambria County, and the same will be purchased by the three counties. One or two long graves will be made, and the unfortunate dead, as fast as they can be found, will be placed there. Poor-board Attorney Speigel of this county, states that no expense will be spared in regard to the burial of the dead. Immediate action will have to be taken, as some of the dead have turned black and are rapidly decomposing.

#### LIVES SAVED BY A PUGILIST.

At Bolivar George Shone, a Lockport man, pulled out William Jones, of Cambria, who was almost exhausted and could not possibly have survived another twenty minutes in the water. John Decker, who has some celebrity as a local pugilist, also successfully saved a woman and a boy, but was nearly killed in the third attempt to reach the middle of the river by a huge log striking him.

How those who reached Bolivar alive passed through the falls half-way between Lockport and Bolivar is a puzzle. The seething waters rushed

through that barrier of rock with a noise which drowned that of all the passing trains. Heavy trees were whirled high in the air out of the water, and houses which reached there whole were dashed to splinters against the rocks.

On the floor of William Marenrow's house, groaning with pain and grief, lay Patrick Madden, a furnace-man of the Cambria Iron Company. In a voice broken with emotion he said: "When the Cambria Iron Company's bridge gave way I was in the house of a neighbor, Edward Garvey. All of us were caught through our own neglect; and a few minutes before the houses were struck Garvey remarked that he was a good swimmer and could get away, no matter how high the water rose.

#### IN THE MAELSTROM.

"Ten minutes later I saw him and his son-in-law drowned. No human being could swim in that terrible torrent. After the South Park reservoir broke I was flung out of the building, and saw when I rose to the surface my wife hanging on to a piece of scantling. She let it go, and was drowned almost within reach of my arm, and I could not help or save her. I caught a log and floated with it for five or six miles, but it was knocked from under me when I went over the dam. I then caught a bale of hay and was taken out by Mr. Marenow. My wife is certainly drowned, and our six children are all missing, and I fear all drowned. When my three houses were swept away every house in the street went, and to-day there are not a dozen houses at Cambria City out of over fifteen hundred.

"There are without doubt fully 3000 people lost between Conemaugh borough and Cambria City."

The family of John Thomas, including his wife and six children, were drowned.

#### ANCHORING THE BRIDGE.

The bridge of the West Pennsylvania road over the Conemaugh at Bolivar is still all right, with little danger of its going out in the flood. The railroads have placed a train of thirty-six cars of 60,000 pounds each on it to anchor it and there is little danger to the structure. The road is crowded with entrapped freight and passenger trains from Cressen Springs to Bolivar Junction.

#### POLICING THE STRICKEN CITY.

Col. Norman M. Smith, of Pittsburg, while returning from Johnstown after a visit to Adj.-Gen. Hastings, was knocked from the temporary bridge into the river and carried down stream a couple of hundred yards before he was able to swim ashore. He was not hurt. Gen. Hastings countermanded the ordering out the Eighteenth Regiment; the order was not authorized, and they are not needed.

A squad of Battery B, under command of Lieut. Brown, the forerunners of the whole battery, arrived at the improvised telegraph office at 6.30 o'clock. He went at once to Adj.-Gen. Hastings and arranged for proper protection.

A portion of the police force of Pittsburg and Alleghany are on duty here. There is an absence of pillaging. Communication has been restored between Cambria City and Johnstown by a foot-

bridge. The work of repairing the tracks between Sang Hollow and Johnstown is going on rapidly, and trains will probably be running by to-morrow morning. Not less than 15,000 strangers are here.

A dispensary under Drs. Wakefield, of the Cambria Medical Society, Steward, of the Alleghany Society, and Milligan, of the Westmoreland Society, is doing good work. Dr. Milligan states that they treated 300 patients to-day. They are at Napoleon Street Dispensary. No surgeons' instruments could be procured in the city until 2 o'clock this afternoon. Among their 300 patients the doctors have many with fractured skulls, and nearly all have broken bones. One man had a heavy iron bar driven through his leg below the knee separating the two bones. A thigh amputation was made. A woman had her knee and the lower part of her limb crushed out of all shape. A thigh amputation was necessary.

#### BURYING THE DEAD.

There were men at work in Lower Yoder Catholic Cemetery and Grand View Protestant Cemetery this afternoon digging trenches. The bodies that were exposed when the waters began falling are in bad condition. Some have already been interred. In the haste and excitement no definite arrangements seem to have been made for funeral service. The only suggestion that could be obtained at Morrellville was that all the bodies would be buried and general memorial services held after the present suffering is alleviated,



Word was sent to Pittsburg last night to an undertaker, instructing him to bring all the undertakers he could get to Johnstown this morning. Five thousand coffins were ordered, and all the factories in the city worked throughout last night. Coffins were also ordered from other cities by the carload, as it is simply impossible to get enough to supply the demand.

The distance to St. Columba's Catholic Church from the bridge is about a mile and a half. The streets leading to it are filled with broken houses, and the people in those that were left standing were busy shovelling mud from the first floors. The scene at St. Columba's Church was awful. More than a hundred bodies had been carried into it and laid on the muddy seats. Lying in a row were five children from two to six years old. No one had identified them this afternoon. The corpse of a beautiful young woman lay in the extemporized morgue. Several people say it is that of Miss Ida Fischer, a prominent young lady of Johnstown. Only a few hundred yards below the bridge a number of bodies had been taken to private houses. They were taken to the Morrellville Morgue this afternoon. In one rude box lay the body of a beautiful young woman. "Any one know her?" called out a committee-man. A crowd passed the box, but no one called her name. On the face was a beautiful expression of peace. The features were fine and the clothing elegant.

The water is falling, and the falling waters leave the banks strewn with dead bodies. In one field in Johnstown the bodies of 150 children are lying,

some in coffins and the balance without any covering. Six dead bodies have been shipped to Latrobe and four to Derry. Thousands of homeless people are engaged in dragging from the waters the bodies of their friends and neighbors who perished in the flood. S. H. Thompson, train master, says that dead bodies are lying thickly along the banks of the river between Sang Hollow and Johnstown.

The bodies at the bridge are simply piled up in heaps. Maple street was swept clear, not a house being left. Upon the Park the water was twenty feet, nearly all the houses there being swept away. Messages from and to friends have blocked the wires of the telephone of the Westmoreland Gas Company.

Many well-to-do ladies lost all their clothing except that on their backs, and being thoroughly drenched, they to-day walked about Cambria City endeavoring to dry the wet and muddy garments by the heat of the sun.



A CROWD AT THE SUPPLY TRAIN.

## DEATH GROWS—A GIANT!

HIS PERVADING PRESENCE THROUGHOUT THE CONE-  
MAUGH VALLEY.

*More than Ten Thousand Corpses.—A Tale of Grief  
that Can Only be Told in Bitter Tears.—Another  
Day of Utter Despair.*

## THE EXPERIENCE OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

JOHNSTOWN, June 3.—I am now writing on a slab of fire-brick in a little windowless stone house, gazing down through a gap in the wall at the wreck of a city of 10,000 people. It is not a ruin; it is a desert! A wide area of river sand, obliterating the street lines, is cut into islands by half a dozen roaring streams. This desert has an oasis of wreckage in its centre and is fringed with a débris of human bodies. Here and there are piles of burning boards and smoking ruins. Men with stars on their breasts are looking for and finding bodies—300 to-day, it is said; but no one can tell exactly, as the work of relief and search has not yet been properly organized. The salutation of the citizens no longer is—“Good day,” but “How many have you lost?” Many of the houses in what remains of this city have been turned into hospitals. Every large building left on the high banks is a morgue—twenty dead houses in all. It is utterly impossible to estimate the number of the dead. The Citizens’ Committee which has been formed can give no information.

They say that 30,000 people lived in this valley hereabouts, that the city is wiped away and so they conclude that at least one-third, 10,000 people, have been swept to death. They cannot tell now how many bodies have been recovered.

#### THE COUNTLESS DEAD.

Each morgue keeps a list, but the total has not been added up. At one charnel-house 300 bodies have been carefully coffined and buried as quickly as possible. Every few minutes new bodies are found on the city side of the river; but it is thought that by far the greater number lie hidden on the opposite shore, where an organized search has not been begun. Some fear contagion, and therefore the bodies of dead animals are covered with wood and burned as soon as found. Your correspondents have witnessed many scenes of suffering, but nothing like this. It can only be told by tears. There is suffering everywhere—lack of food, of clothing and, for the present, not exactly a lack of organization, but of eager workers among the people themselves. They seemed dazed and helpless. Strong men sit on the hillsides with dry, callous faces and gaze down blankly on the valley. There is some attempt made at keeping a police line, but it is necessary to issue passes to nearly every one who asks that they may look in the ruins of former happy homes for the bodies of their beloved.

#### THE LOCALITY FOR A DISASTER.

Johnstown was the arena of an amphitheatre of high hills—mountains almost—shutting her in on

all sides save where the rivers had cut their way through them, giving views of higher and still higher hills away in the distance. Through one of those gorges comes down the Conemaugh, a small, contemptible stream, and through another the Stony Creek. These water-courses meet on one side of the arena and flow off through another gorge till they fall into the Alleghany, miles away. Johnstown lies between the angle formed by their confluence, and a string of little boroughs were its suburbs, stretching up and down the three valleys.

#### THE LAKE OF DEATH.

Away back up the Conemaugh gorge was the reservoir, in reality a lake three miles long and from eighty to one hundred feet deep. The recent rains had raised all the streams far above the highest point ever reached before. On the memorable Friday afternoon all the unemployed people in the city were standing on the banks of the two streams watching the rising torrents. It was 4.30 o'clock. There was a roar up the Conemaugh, a great white wave, crested with wreckage, was seen coming and before there was a chance to flee almost it was upon the city. The dam of the reservoir had given way and the three-mile lake, with the impetus of a nine-mile flow, swept over the city. This great wave parted as it met a mass of brick buildings. One stream flowed on with the Conemaugh, and the other tore diagonally across the town and entered Stony Creek. Thus was formed the oasis of wreckage in the centre of the plain.



## DEATH EVERYWHERE.

To give the reader an idea of how cheap human life is felt to be in the presence of this calamity, it will do to say that just as the former paragraph was being written the body of a woman was exposed to view in some burning debris near by on which a company of Pittsburg firemen are playing water. There is quite a crowd near by, but only a few persons, possibly five, go over slowly to look at it. She is picked up and borne away to a pile where two other bodies are lying, awaiting their turn to be carried to the morgue. On all sides coffins are seen. They are piled up in the yards before a school-house high up on a hill. On the way into the city, across the mountain, no less than sixteen farmers' wagons were met, each bearing a rough brown-stained box. These were friends of those who have homes as far East as Bedford, fifty miles away in the mountains. I can only give impressions and tell what I see. A drizzling rain has been falling all day on the happy dead—happy that they cannot see this place.

## SORROW TOO DEEP FOR TEARS.

The roads all about the city and what streets are left are ankle-deep in mud, but the place is crowded. Bedraggled women, their shoes covered with grime, wander aimlessly about. Their hair is unkempt and their garments are dripping. Their cheeks are wet, but not with tears, for their eyes are hard and sullen. In a house this afternoon I saw (for the doors are all open) a woman with two

children about her, simply gazing into vacancy. The children, too, have ceased to cry.

This feeling everywhere is not hardness of heart. The universal sorrow has been so great that all individual woes seemed dwarfed in comparison with it. A workingman and his little girl, four years old, stood idly in the street. I spoke to the child and she looked at me with wide staring eyes and said nothing. "She was born where that sand pile is," said the man, pointing to a mound from which some bits of wood protruded; "and her mother and two brothers are underneath it." He said this coldly, without appearances of feeling.

#### IN THE MUDDY STREETS.

Even in this valley of the shadow of death there is laughter. Big, strapping country boys have ridden in from all parts of the State, and are greeting each other with loud boisterousness. In one house there is a trim, neat looking woman with dark eyes, a gaudy dress and enamelled cheeks, but nobody notices her or takes offense at her public appearance. At many of the gates to the public buildings wires are stretched across, and a detail of uniformed militiamen is on guard. At others, men in their ordinary clothes with muskets or shotguns, are on guard—a tin star pinned to their coats. The rule is that no one shall be allowed to enter the town unless he is in search of relatives; but it is so easy to lie that the town is overrun with visitors who drift away as darkness falls, for there is no accommodation for them here—not enough even for those who are forced to stay.

## THE TOWN GOVERNMENT.

The city is unfortunately governed. It is in reality not a city. It is not even a village. Johnstown is a collection of boroughs, the main mass of houses itself being divided into separate little boroughs. So, when this calamity fell, there was no one to take immediate charge and rule things as a dictator until order would be restored. They have some sort of an official called a Mayor, who wears a blue coat and brass buttons, and seems to fill the office of a Chief of Police. He is a good man, but all power has been taken from him by the Citizens' Committee, and he seems rather glad to be relieved of the responsibility. All day long a stream of woe-worn women and sad-eyed boys have been surging in and out of the Committee's rooms, but they never seem to be sure of what they want and so generally get nothing. A crowd has been there all day—people anxious to get passes to look for their missing friends—and in this case, "missing" almost certainly means "dead." So those may not be far wrong who assert that at the lowest estimate 10,000 people have been lost.

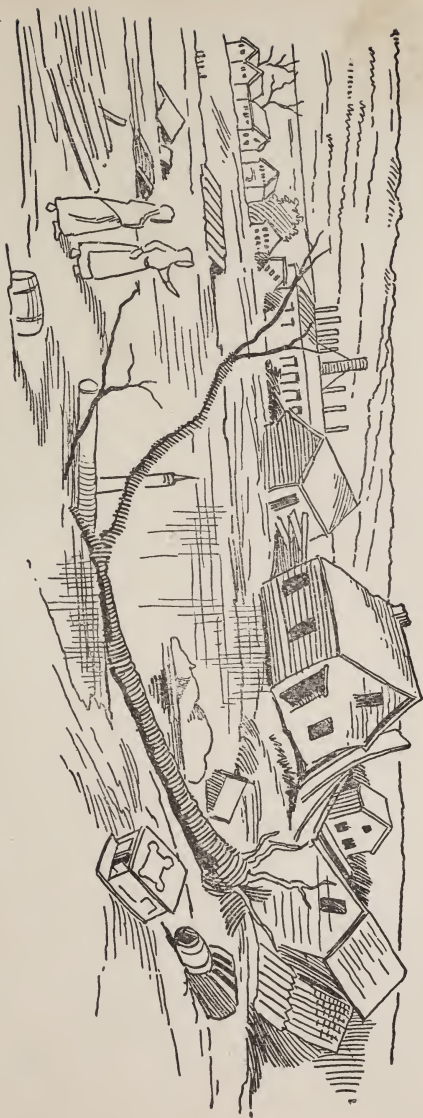
## ONLY FOR THE DEAD.

In a little side street an office has been opened, and all those who have survived are asked to register that the number of the dead may be learned. As to the damage to property, no one thinks of it. After all, human flesh and blood is not held so cheap, for no one is thinking of anything but searching for the thousands of corpses and helping the needy.

Gen. Hastings's principal effort to-day has been the thorough organization of the police force in Johnstown proper. He has placed several squads of Cambria Iron Police in charge of the officers of the Pittsburg force. These are divided into squads of eight, which are assigned to duty in various districts formed yesterday. Garrett Crossan has charge of the district in which the morgue and provision headquarters are located. The men in the squad are kept exceedingly busy. These buildings are located on the hillside above the site where Johnstown's principal streets once were. Company H, Fifth Regiment, is also on duty here and the members have all they can do.

Thousands of persons visited the Fourth Ward school-house during the day, in which building, the bodies are placed for identification. The scenes about this building have been described, but to-day they were sadder than ever. Long lines of women, children and men pass in and through the large rooms constantly. The thirty-five undertakers and assistants who arrived from Pittsburg and Alleghany are nearly all at work. Some of the so-called assistants have scrupulously absented themselves from that locality and have spent the day in viewing the ruins and the dead, the latter from a distance. To every corpse that is identified and taken away six new ones arrive. The work of taking the dead from the ruins has begun in earnest, and men with stretchers on which rest the bodies of the poor victims are seen approaching the morgue from almost every part of the surrounding ruins.

A singularly sad and striking feature is the weary



VIEW OF THE MAIN STREET IN CAMBRIA CITY, BELOW JOHNSTOWN.

(175)





and heart-rending vigil of those who stand about watching for the fresh arrival of victims. These comprise the many hundreds of sorrowing friends who have not yet received the bodies of their lost ones. As each corpse is carried through the gate leading to the school-house yard, the anxious watchers flock there in crowds, each hoping yet dreading that the form of the dear one is there. Then follows the march, the solemn march of the long, silent line which passes by the newly occupied slab, while each gazes on the cruelly-bruised visage.

If some near and dear relative is recognized and is identified by one of the marchers, the wail of anguish follows and the air is filled with grief-stricken lamentations. These scenes were enacted during the entire day, and will continue all to-night and to-morrow and for weeks.

#### HE AND TWENTY-NINE RELATIVES DEAD.

One man well known to every resident of Johnstown, William Huffman, was drowned, and so were twenty-nine of his relatives. There were himself, wife and ten children, his brother, Gottlieb Huffman, wife and eight children, his sister-in-law, Mrs. H. Huffman, and five children, Peter Huffman, another brother; Mrs. C. H. Huffman's little daughter, aged eight years, was absent from the house at the time of the flood. This poor child was at the Morgue to-day accompanied by two ladies, and said:

"Oh, mister, do please tell me if my mother is here. I want to see her. I am Lizzie Huffman,

and all my brothers and sisters have gone down the river."

The body of poor little Lizzie's mother has not yet been found and I could not grant her request.

#### THE TRUTH BAD ENOUGH.

The stories of misconduct and threatened violence on the part of the Slavonians is greatly exaggerated. The Huns behaved very badly in Cambria City and elsewhere last night, but a few examples and club arguments by members of the Citizens' Committee effectually cowed them. They have been as peaceably as lambs since the police and militia got here. This may be attributed to sheer cowardice, but the devil should be given his due even if he has the form of an ignorant Italian or a Slav and cannot speak English in his own defense. Many of them have rendered efficient aid and humane service.

Adj.-Gen. Hastings, in command here, has advised Gov. Beaver in a telegram to Harrisburg that the number of dead at Johnstown is between twelve and fifteen thousand. He also wired that the rescuers are experiencing much difficulty, the stench from the dead bodies having become a formidable obstacle to their efforts.

## HOW SOME ESCAPED AND SOME DIED

THRILLING EXPERIENCES TOLD BY SURVIVORS OF  
THE GREAT DISASTER.

EDWARD H. JACKSON, who worked in the Cambria Iron Works and resided at No. 58 Market street, Johnstown, told the following story:

"When we were going to work Friday morning at 7 o'clock," he said, "the water in the river was about six inches below the top of the banks, the rains during the night having swollen it. We were used to floods about this time of the year, the water always washing the streets and running into the cellars, so we did not pay much attention to this fact. It continued rising and about 9 o'clock we left work in order to go back to our homes and take our furniture and carpets to the upper floors, as we had formerly done on similar occasions. At noon the water was on our first floors, and kept rising until there was five feet of water in our homes. It was still raining hard. We were all in the upper stories about 4.30, when the first intimation we had of anything unusual was an immense crash, and the same moment our house toppled over. Jumping to the windows we saw the water rushing down the streets in immense volumes, carrying with it houses, barns, and, worst of all, screaming, terrified men, women, and children. In my house were Col. A. N. Hart, who is my uncle, his wife, sister, and two children. They watched their chance and when a

slowly moving house passed by they jumped to the roof and by careful maneuvering managed to reach Dr. S. M. Swan's house, a three-story brick building, where there were about two hundred other people. I jumped on to a tender of an engine as it floated down and reached the same house. All the women and children were hysterical, most of the men were paralyzed by terror, and to describe the scene is simply impossible. From the windows of this house we threw ropes to persons who floated by on the roofs of houses and in this way we saved several.

"Our condition in the house was none of the pleasantest. There was nothing to eat; it was impossible to sleep, even had any one desired to do so; when thirsty we were compelled to catch the rain water as it fell from the roof and drink it. Other people had gone for safety in the same manner as we had to two other brick houses, H. Y. Hawse's residence and Alma Hall's, and they went through precisely the same experience as we did. Many of our people were badly injured and cut and they were tended bravely and well by Dr. W. E. Matthews, although he himself was badly injured. During the evening we saved by ropes W. Forrest Rose, his wife, daughter, and four boys. Mr. Rose's collar-bone and one rib were broken. After a fearful night we found when day broke that the water had subsided, and I and some others of the men crawled out upon the rubbish and débris to search for food, for our people were starving. All we could find were water-soaked crackers and some

bananas, and these were eagerly eaten by the famished sufferers.

#### DISGRACEFUL WORK OF BRUTES.

“Then, during the morning, began the thieving. I saw men bursting open trunks, putting valuables in their pockets and then looking for more. I did not know these people, but I am sure they must have lived in the town, for surely no others could have got there at this time. A meeting was held, Col. Hart was made Chief of Police, and he at once gave orders that any one caught stealing should be shot without warning. Notwithstanding this we afterwards found scores of bodies, the fingers of which were cut off, the fiends not wishing to waste time to take off the rings. Many corpses of women were seen from which the ears had been cut, in order to secure the diamond earrings.

“Then, to add to our horrors the débris piled up against the bridge caught fire, and as the streets were full of oil it was feared that the flames would extend backwards, but happily for us this was not the case. It was pitiful to hear the cries of those who had been caught in the rubbish, and, after having been half drowned, had to face death as inevitable as though bound to a stake. The bodies of those burned to death will never be recognized, and of those drowned many were so badly disfigured by being battered against the floating houses that they also will be unrecognizable. It is said that Charles Butler, the assistant treasurer of the Cambria Iron Works, who was in the Hurlburt House, convinced that he could not escape and

wishing his body to be recognized, pinned his photograph and a letter to the lapel of his coat, where they were found when his body was recovered. I have lost everything I owned in the world," said Mr. Jackson, in conclusion, "and hundreds of others are in the same condition. The money in the banks is all right, however, for it was stowed away in the vaults."

#### MANY SHOT THEMSELVES IN THEIR AGONY.

Frank McDonald, a railroad conductor, says: "I certainly think I saw 1000 bodies go over the bridge. The first house that came down struck the bridge and at once took fire, and as fast as the others came down they were consumed. I believe I am safe in saying I saw 1000 bodies burn. It reminded me of a lot of flies on fly-paper struggling to get away, with no hope and no chance to save them. I have no idea that had the bridge been blown up the loss of life would have been any less. They would have floated a little further with the same certain death. Then, again, it was impossible for any one to have reached the bridge in order to blow it up, for the waters came so fast that no one could have done it. I saw fifteen to eighteen bodies go over the bridge. At the same time I offered a man \$20 to row me across the river, but could get no one to go, and I finally had to build a boat and get across that way."

From under the large brick school-house 124 bodies were taken last night and to-day, and in every corner and place the bodies are being found and buried as fast as possible. The necessity for



speedy burial is becoming manifest. Many bodies have been found with bullet holes in them, showing conclusively that in their maddening fright suicide was resorted to.

#### KILL US OR RESCUE US.

Michael Renesen tells a wonderful story of his escape. He says he was walking down Main street when he heard a rumbling noise and, looking around, he imagined it was cloud, but in a minute the water was upon him. He floated with the tide for some time, when he was struck with some floating timber and borne underneath the water. When he came up he was struck again, and at last he was caught by a lightning rod and held there for over two hours, when he was finally rescued.

Mrs. Anne Williams was sitting sewing when the flood came on. She heard some people crying and jumped out of the window and succeeded in getting on the roof of an adjoining house. Under the roof she heard the cries of men and women, and saw two men and a woman with their heads just above the water, crying: "For God's sake, either kill us outright or rescue us!"

Mrs. Williams cried for help for the drowning people, but none came, and she saw them give up one by one.

James F. McCanagher had a thrilling experience in the water. He saw his wife was safe on land, and thought his only daughter, a girl aged about twenty-one, was also saved, but just as he was making for the shore he saw her and went to rescue her. He succeeded in getting within about

ten feet of land, when the girl said, "Good-by, father," and expired in his arms before he reached the shore.

#### THE JOHNSTOWN POSTMASTER ESCAPED.

The Postmaster here to-day telegraphed the Post-Office Department at Washington that the Johnstown Post-Office building, with all the office money and stamps, was carried away in the flood. The Postmaster himself escaped with great difficulty.

A woman was rescued last night in the vast pile of débris above the bridge, buried under the wreck of her house. She was lying on her side, and was almost dead from hunger and exposure. She was taken to the hospital and is still unconscious. Her name is not known, and she is not likely to recover.

This morning a man was taken out of the wreck of the Cambria Iron Works. He had been pinioned by heavy timbers and was unconscious, but will probably recover.

#### THEY WERE THE LAST KISSES.

A pretty, pale, little woman told part of her sad story to-day, as she nervously clasped and unclasped her hands and cried in a quiet, heart-breaking way. Years ago in the Virginia valley, somewhere near Winchester, this sad little soul met and loved a hard-working, intelligent engineer named Fenn. They were married some years ago and came to Johnstown, where they had a neat, comfortable home. Fenn made good wages, their seven children were always well-clad, and their



VIEW OF LAKE CLUB HOUSE. DAM ON EXTREME LEFT.—188.



mother lived with her life concentrated upon them. On the afternoon of the flood, Fenn went to the butcher's and passed out of this short history into the waters.

When the flood came into the Fenn house the mother gathered her chicks in the parlor and told them not to be afraid, as God was there and would guard them. Up came the torrent and they went to the second floor, and again the little mother talked of hope and bade them be of good cheer, for papa would soon come in a boat and take them away. Up, up and up rose the water, and now the family were forced to the top story. The rooms were very low and soon the heads of the mother and children were beating against the ceiling.

"Mamma," said the eldest child, a girl, "wouldn't it be better to go outside and die in the open air?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother. "We'll make a raft and all get on together."

She fought her own and her children's way to the window and opened it. She caught a piece of plank and on it put the eldest child, with a hasty kiss and a "God bless you." Then she let it float away into the darkness. Six times were these frail barks freighted with precious cargoes and argosies of pious trust. The children were frightened, but obedience was part of their creed and they made but little protest. Now came the turn of the last child, Bessie, the four-year-old. One can fancy what it meant—the last and dearest. The mother put her on a plank.

"I loved them all," said the mother, "but I had two kisses for Bessie, for she was Tom's favorite

and was such a good child. She put her arms about my neck and said, 'You know you said God would take care of me always, mamma; will he take care of me now?'

"I told her he would and she need not fear, and then she was carried away. 'I am not afraid, mamma,' she called out, and I heard her, although I could not see her, and that's all, except that the roof was torn off and I floated off on it and some Italians saved me at Kernville, sixteen miles from me."

"And the children, Mrs. Fenn—I hope they all escaped?"

"We have found two of them dead, Bessie and George, and there is not a mark on Bessie's face. They're all gone, every one, eight of them, and I am going home to Virginia after all these years to rest and try to think."

#### RESCUED BY RAILROAD PASSENGERS.

C. W. Linthicum, a drummer for a Baltimore firm, arrived home to-day. He was a witness of the disastrous flood at Johnstown, of which he tells the following story:

"My train," he said, "left Pittsburg Friday morning for Johnstown. The train was due at Sang Hollow at 4.02, but was five minutes late. At Sang Hollow, just as we were about to pull out, we heard that the flood was coming. Looking ahead up the valley we saw an immense wall of water, thirty feet high, raging, roaring, rushing towards us. The engineer reversed his engine and rushed back to the hills at full speed and we barely escaped the



waters. We ran back 300 yards and the flood swept by, tearing up track, telegraph poles, trees and houses. Supt. Pitcairn was on the train. We all got out and tried to save the floating people. Taking the bell-cord we formed a line and threw the rope out, thus saving seven persons. We could have saved more, but many were afraid to let go the debris. It was an awful sight. The immense volume of water was roaring along, whirling over huge rocks, dashing against the banks and leaping high in the air, and this seething flood was strewn with timber, trunks of trees, parts of houses and hundreds of human beings, cattle and almost every living animal. The fearful peril of the living was not more awful than the horrors of hundreds of distorted, bleeding corpses whirling along the avalanche of death. We could count 107 people floating by, and dead without number. A section of roof came by on which were sitting a woman and girl. A man named C. W. Heppenstall, of Pittsburg, waded and swam to the roof. He brought the girl in first and then the woman. They told us they were not relatives. The woman had lost her husband and four children, and the girl her father, mother and entire family. A little boy came by with his mother. Both were as calm as could be, and the boy was apparently trying to comfort the mother. They passed unheeding our proffered help, and, striking the bridge below, went down into the vortex like lead. One beautiful girl came by with her hands raised in prayer, and, although we shouted to her and ran along the bank, she paid no attention. We could have saved her if she had caught

the rope. An old man and his wife, whom we saved from a floating roof, said that eleven persons started from Cambria City with them, but that the others had dropped off. At about 8 P. M. we started for New Florence. All along the river we saw corpses without number caught in the branches of trees and wedged in corners in the banks. A large sycamore tree in the river between Sang Hollow and New Florence seemed to draw into it nearly all who floated down, and they went under the surface at its roots like lead. When the waters subsided 209 bodies were found at the roots of this tree. All night living and dead floated by New Florence. At Pittsburg seventy-eight bodies were found on Saturday and as many more were seen floating by. Hundreds of people from ill-fated Johnstown are wandering homeless and starving on the mountain side. Very few saved anything and I saw numbers going down the stream naked. The suffering within the next few days will be fearful unless prompt relief is extended."

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## HE SAW THAT AWFUL RACE.

WHEN THE ENGINE ESCAPED, THE FLOOD SPENT ITS  
FURY ON CONEMAUGH.

MR. HENRY, the engineer of the second section of express train No. 8, which runs between Pittsburg and Altoona, was at Conemaugh when the great flood came sweeping down the valley. He was able

to escape to a place of safety. His was the only train that was not injured, even though it was in the midst of the great wave. The story as related by Mr. Henry is most graphic.

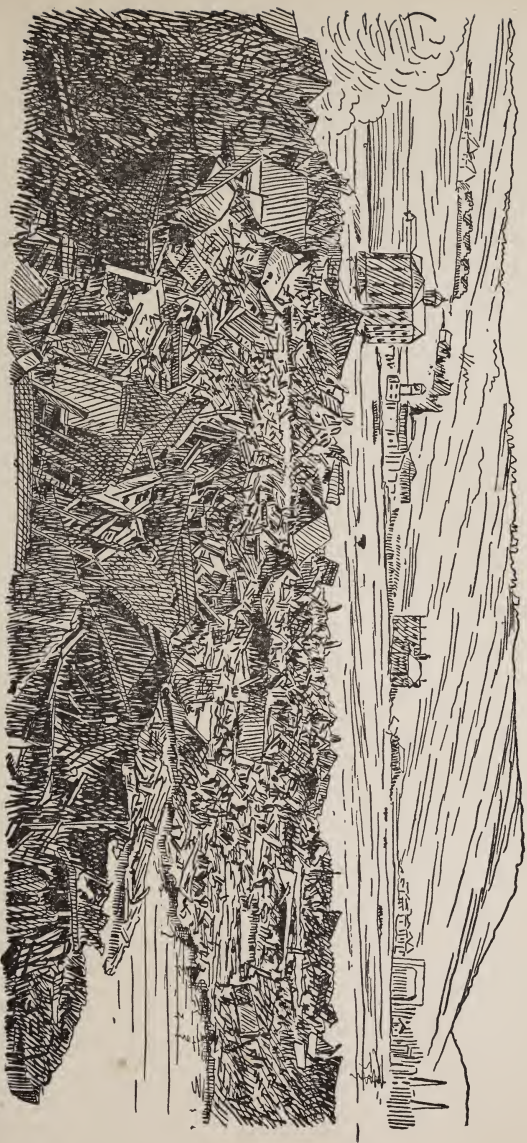
"It was an awful sight," he said. "I have often seen pictures of flood scenes and I thought they were exaggerations, but what I witnessed last Friday changes my former belief. To see that immense volume of water fully fifty feet high rushing madly down the valley, sweeping everything before it, was a thrilling sight. It is engraved indelibly on my memory. Even now I can see that mad torrent carrying death and destruction before it.

"The second section of No. 8, on which I was, was due at Johnstown about 10.15 in the morning. We arrived there safely and were told to follow the first section. When we arrived at Conemaugh the first section and the mail were there. Washouts further up the mountain prevented our going on, so we could do nothing but sit around and discuss the situation. The creek at Conemaugh was swollen high, almost overflowing. The heavens were pouring rain, but this did not prevent nearly all the inhabitants of the town from gathering along its banks. They watched the waters go dashing by and wondered whether the creek would get much higher. But a few inches more and it would overflow its banks. There seemed to be a feeling of uneasiness among the people. They seemed to fear that something awful was going to happen. Their suspicions were strengthened by the fact that warning had come down the valley for the people to be on the lookout. The rains had swollen everything

to the bursting point. The day passed slowly, however. Noon came and went, and still nothing happened. We could not proceed, nor could we go back, as the tracks about a mile below Conemaugh had been washed away, so there was nothing for us to do but to wait and see what would come next.

"Some time after 3 o'clock Friday afternoon I went into the train despatcher's office to learn the latest news. I had not been there long when I heard a fierce whistling from an engine away up the mountain. Rushing out I found dozens of men standing around. Fear had blanched every cheek. The loud and continued whistling had made every one feel that something serious was going to happen. In a few moments I could hear a train rattling down the mountain. About five hundred yards above Conemaugh the tracks made a slight curve and we could not see beyond this. The suspense was something awful. We did not know what was coming, but no one could get rid of the thought that something was wrong at the dam.

"Our suspense was not very long, however. Nearer and nearer the train came, the thundering sound still accompanying it. There seemed to be something behind the train, as there was a dull, rumbling sound which I knew did not come from the train. Nearer and nearer it came; a moment more and it would reach the curve. The next instant there burst upon our eyes a sight that made every heart stand still. Rushing around the curve, snorting and tearing, came an engine and several gravel cars. The train appeared to be putting forth every effort to go faster. Nearer it came,



VIEW FROM HILL NEAR PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRIDGE.—189.





belching forth smoke and whistling long and loud. But the most terrible sight was to follow. Twenty feet behind came surging along a mad rush of water fully fifty feet high. Like the train, it seemed to be putting forth every effort to push along faster. Such an awful race we never before witnessed. For an instant the people seemed paralyzed with horror. They knew not what to do, but in a moment they realized that a second's delay meant death to them. With one accord they rushed to the high lands a few hundred feet away. Most of them succeeded in reaching that place and were safe.

"I thought of the passengers in my train. The second section of No. 8 had three sleepers. In these three cars were about thirty people, who rushed through the train crying to the others 'Save yourselves!' Then came a scene of the wildest confusion. Ladies and children shrieked and the men seemed terror-stricken. I succeeded in helping some ladies and children off the train and up to the high lands. Running back, I caught up two children and ran for my life to a higher place. Thank God, I was quicker than the flood! I deposited my load in safety on the high land just as it swept past us.

LIKE EGG-SHELLS WERE CONEMAUGH'S HOUSES.

"For nearly an hour we stood watching the mad flood go rushing by. The water was full of debris. When the flood caught Conemaugh it dashed against the little town with a mighty crash. The water did not lift the houses up and carry them off, but crushed them one against the other and broke

them up like so many egg-shells. Before the flood came there was a pretty little town. When the waters passed on there was nothing but a few broken boards to mark the central portion of the city. It was swept as clean as a newly brushed floor. When the flood passed onward down the valley I went over to my train. It had been moved back about twenty yards, but it was not damaged. About fifteen persons had remained in the train and they were safe. Of the three trains ours was the luckiest. The engines of both the others had been swept off the track, and one or two cars in each train had met the same fate. What saved our train was the fact that just at the curve which I mentioned the valley spread out. The valley is six or seven hundred yards broad where our train was standing. This, of course, let the floods pass out. It was only about twenty feet high when it struck our train, which was about in the middle of the valley. This fact, together with the elevation of the track, was all that saved us. We stayed that night in the houses in Conemaugh that had not been destroyed. The next morning I started down the valley, and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon had reached Conemaugh furnace, eight miles west of Johnstown. Then I got a team and came home.

"In my tramp down the valley I saw some awful sights. On the tree branches hung shreds of clothing torn from the unfortunates as they were whirled along in the terrible rush of the torrent. Dead bodies were lying by scores along the banks of the creeks. One woman I helped drag from the mud had tightly clutched in her hand a paper. We tore



TRYING TO IDENTIFY THE DEAD.

(191)

it out of her hand and found it to be a badly water-soaked photograph. It was probably a picture of the drowned woman."

#### THE PASSENGERS ARE ALL SAFE.

Homer Brown, who arrived in this city this morning from Johnstown, says that he was a passenger on one of the three trains—day express and two sections of the limited—that were held at Lilly station and said to have been destroyed by the flood. He remained there from Friday until Saturday, leaving for home Saturday night, and walked thirty miles to Sang Hollow and there took a train for Pittsburg. He reports that none of the passengers on these trains was injured and that they are being taken care of by farmers in the vicinity.

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#### THERE WERE 55,000 RESIDENTS.

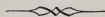
WHERE ARE THE SURVIVORS, IF TWELVE THOUSAND ARE DEAD?

THE developments of every hour make it more and more apparent that the exact number of lives lost in the Johnstown horror will never be known. All estimates that have been made up to this time are conservative, and when all is known will doubtless be found to have been too small. Over one thousand bodies have been found since sunrise today, and the most sceptical concede that the remains of thousands more rest beneath the débris above

# SUNNYSIDE LODGE

NO. 58,

N. E. O. P.



*North Thetford, Vt.,*.....18

4

I. Mrs. More,

II. Mrs. L. A.

III. Mrs. Watson,

IV. Miss Johnson - Resolute

V. Mrs. Cobleigh -

VI. Mrs. Watson - Reading



Johnstown bridge. The population of Johnstown the surrounding towns and the portion of the valley affected by the flood is or was from 50,000 to 55,000. Associated Press representatives to-day interviewed numerous leading citizens of Johnstown who survived the flood, and the concensus of opinion was that fully 30 per cent. of the residents of Johnstown and Cambria had been victims of the continued disasters of fire and water. If this be true the total loss of life in the entire valley cannot be less than 7,000 or 8,000, and possibly much greater. Of the thousands who were devoured by the flames and whose ashes rest beneath the smoking débris above Johnstown bridge, no definite information can ever be obtained. As little will be learned of the hundreds that sank beneath the current and were borne swiftly down the Conemaugh only to be deposited hundreds of miles below on the banks and in the drift-wood of the raging Ohio.

Probably one-third of the dead will never be recovered, and it will take a list of the missing, weeks hence, to enable even a close estimate to be made of the number of bodies that were seen floating in the river in the brief hours. That this estimate can never be accurate is understood, when it is remembered that in many instances whole families and their relatives were swept away and found a common grave beneath the wild waste of waters. The total destruction of the city leaves no data to even tell the names of these unfortunates.

## TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED BODIES FOUND.

At present there are said to be 2,200 recovered bodies. The great difficulty experienced in getting a correct list is the great number of morgues. There is no central bureau of information, and to communicate with the different dead-houses is the work of hours. The journey from the Pennsylvania Railroad morgue to the one in the Fourth Ward school-house in Johnstown occupies at least one hour. This renders it impossible to reach all of them in one day, particularly as some of the morgues are situated at points inaccessible from Johnstown. At 6 o'clock in the evening, the 630th body had been recovered at the Cambria depository for corpses. At Millville was the body of a girl fifteen years old, making the forty-sixth corpse recovered there. A mark on the wrist looked as if a bracelet had been torn from the arm.

## THEY WANTED TO LYNCH THE MILKMAN.

Kernville is in a deplorable condition. The living are unable to take care of the dead. The majority of the inhabitants of the town were drowned. A lean-to of boards has been erected on the only street remaining in the town. This is the headquarters for the committee that takes care of the dead. As quickly as the dead are brought to this point they are placed in boxes, and then taken to the cemetery and buried.

A supply store has been opened in the town. A milkman who was overcharging for milk this morning narrowly escaped lynching. The infuriated

men appropriated all his milk and distributed it among the poor, and then drove him out of the town.

About one hundred and fifty-five houses are standing where once there stood 1,000. None of the large buildings in what was once a thriving little borough have escaped. One thousand people is a low estimate of the number of lives lost from this town. But few of the bodies have been recovered. A walk through the town revealed a desolate sight. Only about twenty-five able-bodied men have survived and are able to render any assistance. Men and women can be seen with black eyes, bruised faces and cut heads. The appearance of some of the women is heartrending. They were injured in the flood, and since that have not slept. Their faces have turned a sickly yellow, and dark rings surround the eyes. Many have succumbed to nervous prostration. For two days but little assistance could be rendered them. No medical attention reached them. The wounded remained uncared for in some houses cut off by the water, and died from their injuries alone. Some were alive on Sunday and their shouts could be heard by the people on the shore.

A man is now in a temporary jail in what is left of the town. He was caught stealing a gold watch. A shot was fired at him, but he was not wounded. The only thing that saved him from lynching was the smallness of the crowd. His sentence will be the heaviest that can be given him.

Services in the chapel from which the bodies were buried consisted merely of a prayer by one of

the survivors. No minister was present. Each coffin had a descriptive card on it and on the graves a similar card was placed, so that bodies can be removed later by friends.

The Cambria Hospital has now 300 patients. Dr. Buck with an efficient corps of aids is in charge. Two of the patients died yesterday, Miss Hughes, a young lady aged twenty, and Mrs. Teeters, a lady aged eighty-three. She was suffering from a compound fracture of the arm. The remainder of the patients are doing well. Several injured people have had operations performed upon them.

The hospital in the upper part of Johnstown is full to overflowing. Many have been carried to the surrounding houses. One of the patients died on their hands and several are very low. Hospitals have been established at Conemaugh and Mineral Point, but little could be learned of how many patients they contained and how they were faring.

#### A MIRACLE CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN WROUGHT.

The miracle, as it is called, that happened at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, has caused a tremendous sensation. A large number of persons will testify as to the nature of the event, and, to put it mildly, the circumstances are really remarkable. The devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin celebrated daily during the month of May were in progress on Friday night when the water descended on Cambria City. The church was filled with people at the time, but when the noise of the flood was heard the congregation hastened to get out of the way. They succeeded as far as escaping

from the interior is concerned and in a few minutes the church was partially submerged, the water reaching fifteen feet up the sides and swirling around the corners furiously. The building was badly wrecked, the benches were torn out, and in general the entire structure, both inside and outside, was fairly dismantled. Yesterday morning, when an entrance was forced through the blocked doorway the ruin appeared to be complete. One object alone had escaped the water's wrath. The statue of the Blessed Virgin that had been decorated and adorned because of the May devotions was as unsullied as the day it was made. The flowers, the wreaths, the lace veil were undisturbed and unsoiled, although the marks on the wall showed that the surface of the water had risen above the statue to a height of 15 feet, while the statue, nevertheless, had been saved from all contact with the liquid. Every one who has seen the statue and its surroundings is firmly convinced that the incident was a miraculous one, and even to the most sceptical the affair savors of the supernatural.

#### NUNS NURSING THE INJURED.

There are about thirty Catholic priests and nuns here. The sisters are devoting themselves to the care of the sick and injured in the hospitals, while the priests are doing anything and everything and making themselves generally useful. Bishop Phelan, who reached here on Sunday evening, returned to Pittsburg on the 3 o'clock train yesterday afternoon. He has organized the Catholic forces in this neighborhood and all are devoting themselves to

hard work assiduously. What the hospitals would have done without the sisters is a difficult question. There are nine charity, seven Franciscan and seven Benedictine sisters. Among the priests are: Rev. Fathers Guido, Geobel, Cosgrave, Gallagher, Trotwein, Rosensteet, Doren, Corcoran, Derlin, Boyle, Smith, O'Connell and Lamb.

J. J. Murphy, the Catholic bookseller of Pittsburg, haunted the railroad morgue all day, with a white, sad face. His brother James and his entire family have been lost, and Mr. Murphy is seeking for the remains. Every fresh arrival of ghastly burdens sets him to anxious inquiry, but as yet he has not discovered his relatives. David Creeds, brother of Thos. Creeds, of Pennsylvania, has been lost, with his entire family. The body of John Ryan, ex-Sheriff of Cambria County, was found to-day.

There was much comment over the finding of the body of the nun cut in two. It was at first thought that she was a resident of a Johnstown community, but as none of them have been reported missing, the supposition is that she was travelling at the time of the accident on the day express.

R. S. Frazier, a Pittsburg lawyer, was tramping among the ruins looking like a miner. Mr. Frazier has a sister here whose family of four children were almost drowned, but managed to escape after an exciting experience. When the flood came down upon them they were driven from the first to the second story, and soon after to the third. They were kept there six hours, from 6 o'clock in the evening to 12 at night, before they were helped



through the roof, and from there made their escape to the hill over the housetops in the neighborhood.

#### A SEA OF MUD AND WRECKAGE.

Where Woodvale once stood there is now a sea of mud, broken, but rarely, by a pile of wreckage. Your correspondent waded through mud and water up the valley to-day over the site of the former village. As has been often stated, nothing is standing but the old woollen mills. The place is swept bare of all other buildings but the ruins of the Gautier wire mill. The boilers of these great works were carried 100 yards from their foundation. Pieces of engines, rolls and other machinery was swept far away from where they once stood. The wreck of a hose carriage is sticking up out of the mud. It belonged to the crack company of Johnstown. The engine-house is swept away and the cellar is filled with mud so that the site is obliterated. A German watchman was on guard at the mill when the waters came. He ran for the hillside and succeed in escaping.

## GOV. BEAVER IN JOHNSTOWN.

HE MAKES A TOUR OF THE RUINED CITY ON HORSEBACK.

*The State to Take Charge—\$1,000,000 to be Used to Clear up and Rebuild the Town—A Secret Conference Held Between Gen. Beaver, Adjt.-Gen. Hastings, and the Heads of the Various Committees—It was Decided that the State Take Charge of the Work of Clearing up the Débris, the Relief Department, and the Preservation of Order and the Public Health—\$1,000,000 to be Expended Under Existing Laws—Touching Religious Services in the Ruined Churches and in the Open Air—21,000 Survivors Registered—The Number of the Dead now Placed at 5000 or Less—Suicide of a Member of the Pittsburg Regiment—Fifty Bodies Recovered Yesterday—The Fishing Club's Responsibility for the Disaster.*

THE treasury of the State of Pennsylvania will put up one million dollars for the people of the Conemaugh valley, taking as security for its repayment the bond of well-known Philadelphia and New York business men and capitalists. Affairs will go on as at present until Wednesday, when the whole matter will be turned over to the State, which will, under the direction of Adjutant-General Hastings or of a commission, as may hereafter be determined, take complete charge of the town, which it will re-

tain until the place is rebuilt and the people are able to manage their own affairs once more.

The aggregation of excessively little people, from Gov. Beaver down, who have charge of this very large piece of work, have conducted their conferences in star-chamber fashion, and are to-night so swollen with a sense of their own importance that it is impossible to get from any of them an intelligible statement as to the exact situation under which the people who have suffered by the flood are left by this arrangement ; but is safe to say that for a while yet, and probably for at least a month, the sufferers will have to depend upon the generosity of the country for their support. The money of the State is to be put into the work under existing laws for the clearing of the obstructed stream, the preservation of public health, and other purposes. This will necessitate a certain amount of red tape, even after the State takes charge of the work, before State aid becomes available, even if it is intended that the State's money shall be expended in supporting this people, as well as in restoring the town to a habitable condition, a point on which the ideas of men in authority here seem to be very vague. At present there is no way in which the people could supply themselves with food, even had they money. There is not a store left in the seven towns with a stock of goods, except those in the relief depots, nor could supplies purchased in other cities be brought here to any extent at present, as the limited, railroad facilities are taxed to handle the relief trains.

It took a hard day's work for all concerned to

bring Gov. Beaver down; but when he tumbled, he came down very gracefully and landed right side up on his single foot. He was finally induced yesterday, at a conference in Philadelphia, to conclude that the condition of his own little freshet was such that he could safely take a day off and visit Johnstown. So he came, he saw, and he was conquered by the irresistible logic of the awful desolation spread everywhere before his eyes, and of the abject despair and misery upon the countenance of every citizen whom he met, especially upon those of the common people, who are the greatest sufferers after all, even in a catastrophe that levels every one, as this has done. Gov. Beaver arrived over the Baltimore & Ohio road early this morning. He was accompanied by representatives of the Philadelphia Relief Committee. At the same time Superintendent McCrea brought over from Pittsburg on a special train the heads of the relief committee of that city and the committee sent out from Chicago with the cash collected in that city, which Chicago people had hesitated to turn over on account of the evident disagreement between Gov. Beaver and the Pittsburgers as to the way in which the money was being used. After breakfast in their cars Gov. Beaver and all the committeemen came together at Adjutant-General Hastings' office, and, being mounted on horseback, set out for a survey of the devastated district. Gov. Beaver received scant courtesy at the hands of the people, although there was no demonstration against him. Few newspapers have reached here since the flood, and the people are just beginning to understand the manner

in which the Governor has discouraged the raising of money for their relief, but the feeling against him is already very bitter. The party rode first through Johnstown proper and Kernville. He was evidently much impressed with the enormous extent of the ruins, and the completeness with which the buildings had been wrecked. This part of the trip consumed several hours.

When the party returned to headquarters, they dismounted and walked along the railroad to the bridge, where the Governor saw the acres of débris massed behind that. He was then taken in a special car up the Pennsylvania railroad tracks as far as Conemaugh. It was intended that he should go on to the end of the reconstructed portion of the railroad, and there hold a consultation with Vice-President Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania company. The Governor became impatient, however, and asked to be taken back to headquarters. There he had to wait an hour for Chairman Scott, of the Relief Committee, with whom he had an engagement. At 5 o'clock the Governor, Chairman Scott, Gen. Hastings, and all the other heads of departments, with the Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Chicago men, went into a secret conference at Gen. Hastings' headquarters. The conference was very secret, lasted an hour and a half, and was followed by such an episode of silence on the part of those concerned in it that for some time it was difficult to learn what had been done. The determination arrived at, however, was substantially that the State should take charge of the work, as stated above; and arrangements were at once begun for grad-

ually turning over the work of the relief department, and of the preservation of order of the town, to the staff of Adj.-Gen. Hastings. The town will practically if not formally be put under martial law, and the deputy sheriffs and policemen will be dismissed entirely. It may be necessary to call out another regiment. Each regiment or each two regiments will probably be on duty for two weeks, and will then be relieved. It is supposed that the State will have to continue in charge of the town for at least three months, and possibly until late in the fall.

While the little big men have been investigating and conferring, the thousands of laborers have continued their work just as on any week day, except that there has been no dynamite used on the gorge, and that the Cambria Iron Works have been closed. There has been the usual reward of the gleaners in the harvest-field of death, over fifty bodies having been recovered. The most of these having been in Stony Creek, up which they were carried by the back-rush of the current after the bridge broke the first wave. The time that has now elapsed is about that required to put the bodies of the drowned in a condition to rise to the surface, and they are continually appearing along the streams. It is supposed that a great many bodies will be recovered lower down the river within the next few days.

Dr. Graff, of the State Board of Health, to-day issued a proclamation to reassure people as to the sanitary condition of the town. He declares that there is as yet no appearance of an epidemic, and



that there probably will be none. To-day has been blazing hot, and the town is full of dreadful odors. Diphtheria, pneumonia, and other diseases not epidemic are prevalent, but not to an alarming extent, considering the unusual hardships that the people have endured.

The railroad officials, in order to keep sightseers out of town, stopped all passenger trains between Johnstown and Pittsburg to-day. The regulations as to admittance to the town were also made more rigid and enforced more severely, so that even those who got as near the town as they could, and then walked in, had great difficulty in getting to the ruins, except from the adjacent hill-tops. A requisition for 5000 pounds of dynamite and several hundred men was made to-day upon the Relief Committee by those in charge of the work of removing the gorge, and it is proposed to-morrow to string electric lights about the gorge, in order that the work upon it may be prosecuted day and night hereafter.

Private Young, of Company C, Fourteenth Regiment, upon being relieved from duty for a while this afternoon, went into his tent, put the muzzle of his musket in his mouth, and blew the side of his head off. It is said he had been on duty sixty hours, but this is undoubtedly an exaggeration. It is a notorious fact, however, that the soldiers are doing twice as much work as they ought to be asked to do, and that too under the most unhealthy conditions and with poor rations.

## SUNDAY IN JOHNSTOWN.

AFFECTING MEETINGS IN THE OPEN AIR AND AMID  
THE RUINS OF THE CHURCHES.

THE remnants of half a dozen large and prosperous congregations gathered around the heaps of ruins in various parts of the devastated district to-day and worshipped as best they might. Probably the most affecting meeting was that held in the open air at the corner of Adams and Main streets by the Rev. David Beale, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. About a hundred persons gathered there. The ruins of their homes were heaped high about their heads on every side. The streets were but muddy lanes dug through acres of wreck, shovelled up on either side. There were few women in proportion to the number of men, and hardly any children. This absence of women and children was a marked characteristic of all the services. Mr. Beale, in his opening prayer, thanked God that not every one had been taken away.

William H. Tumbleston, president of the Retail Grocers' Association of Philadelphia, who has been here for several days assisting in the work of distributing supplies, made an address meant to be comforting and helpful, and read the sixth chapter of Matthew.

Then some one started the hymn, "I Need Thee Every Hour." An old blind man sank down on his knees, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, exclaimed;

“Yes; God is good, and He knows that we do need Him.”

Handkerchiefs stole to the eyes, first of the women and then of the men, until in all the audience there was not a dry eye as the hymn proceeded. Afterward Mr. Beale talked for a short time.

“I have been asked,” he said, “to speak about the awful calamity that has befallen the town; but I cannot do it. Yesterday upon the mountain I met a boy and I asked him to tell me his experience in the flood. ‘Mister,’ he replied, ‘if I was the biggest liar on earth I couldn’t tell the story.’ Neither can I tell it. I see before me a family of whom eleven are gone. There I see another family of whom seven went down. I was saved with people who prayed and wept and promised to lead better lives if they were saved. Since then I have heard the same men cursing and swearing. Affliction never brings men to God. This calamity will not cause a revival. It takes mercy.”

Chaplain Hatch, of the Philadelphia G. A. R., made a little speech, in which he said: “When John the Baptist was beheaded by Herod, we are told that his disciples took his body and buried it, and then went and told Jesus. Let us do the same with our dead.”

Up on the railroad embankment, near the headquarters of Adj.-Gen. Hastings, Chaplain L. McGuire, of the Fourteenth Regiment, conducted a service, assisted by the Rev. H. L. Chapman, of the Methodist Church. Only thirty persons had gathered when the services began. There were half a



THE DEBRIS COLLECTED ABOVE THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. BRIDGE.  
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dozen women and two or three children. The soldiers gathered around until there were 200 or 300 persons about. The soldiers took off their caps until Chaplain McGuire walked around the circle and said:

“Keep your hats on. The sun is too hot to go bareheaded.”

The service opened with the hymn, “Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.” Everybody turned and looked across the desolated valley, where flames were rising from scores of huge bonfires, and thousands of men and teams were feeding the flames. When Mr. Chapman, reading the hymn, came to the line, “Streams of mercy never ceasing,” the voice of the shallow river, rippling over its stony bed, was a running accompaniment to the song.

Chaplain Maguire read the psalm, “I will bless the Lord at all times,” and Brother Fulton, manager of the Cambria Iron Works, prayed. Then they sang, “Jesus, Lover of My Soul,” and the women wept. Chaplain McGuire, making an address, said:

“George Moses here tells me that his wife, while the flood was at its height and their house was being beaten about, sang that hymn. There was another woman, we are told, who, floating down the river on a piece of wreckage, sang it. Above the noise of the torrent the spectators heard her sing:

“‘Other refuge have I none :  
Clings my helpless soul to Thee.’”

“Then there was a crash, and the woman was thrown beneath the water, and went down. But the

song that ended here was not lost. The rest of it was sung in another world. I lived in Johnstown three years, and never was a man better treated than the people of Johnstown treated me. Yesterday I searched long before I found even the foundation of the house where I used to live; and when I looked for my old friends,—for the people who used to sit at my table,—I could not find one of them. Some one asked me, ‘Where is your religion now?’ I answer, our God owns both sides of the river. What matters it to us which side we are on?”

Manager Fulton, who is a big, hearty-looking man, with iron-gray hair and whiskers, made a speech, in which the significant thing he said was:

“I hold in my possession to-day, and I thank God that I do, my own report made years ago, in which I told these people, who, for purposes that I will not mention, desired to seclude themselves in the mountains, that their dam was dangerous. I told them that the dam would break some time and cause such a disaster as this.”

Speaking of the experiences of his own family, he said that they, with several visitors, were in their house when the wave came. “They had reached the third story beneath the mansard roof, and crept up on the roof as the house was swept away. On the roof they drifted against Elmer Hall, and climbed upon the roof of that. The last one had not left the roof a second when it swung away, and was dashed to pieces. A little girl who was visiting us had been cared for by my little daughter Nannie. They told the child to climb upon the roof, but she drew back, and said, ‘I won’t go until after Nannie Fulton has



gone.' She would have died rather than have left Nannie behind. Talk about miracles! Why, we had them right here. There was one of our elders. He and a number of others were imprisoned beneath a mansard roof in which there was no opening. Another building washed against it, and it cracked open. They crept out, and the next moment something else came along and crashed into the roofing, closing the crack again, but they were all safe."

He talked business for a while after this. "The question is often asked," he said, "Are we going to rebuild the Cambria Works? We are." Some one in the audience: "Thank God;" and there was a general "Amen." "Johnstown," he continued, "is going to be rebuilt. I cannot speak officially of the Gautier Works, but I believe they will be rebuilt too, and bigger than ever. We are taking care of our men. We had 3000 of them at work last week. We went around among them; and when we saw a man whose wife and children were saved, though his home and the savings of years were lost, we said: 'God bless your soul, man, you are rich; haven't you your family? Get to work: clean up your department; set your lathes going again. The furnaces are all right; the Steel Works are all right. Get to work.' That's the way to look at this thing—make the best of it. To-day not a hand is working in the yards. There's been too much Sunday work there in the past; there will be less in the future. Sunday work don't pay. Don't understand that I refer to this work over there [pointing to the broad flat swarming with men

and sprinkled with blazing fires]. That is a work of mercy, and should go on, Sunday or no Sunday."

There were approving murmurs all around, although, before the service began, the ministers had been holding a doleful conference on the sad desecration of the Sabbath that was going on.

"Don't be discouraged," said Manager Fulton, coming back to business. "Vice-President Stackhouse said to me: 'We must get lumber at once to help our men rebuild their homes. We must aid them in every way to get back their homes.' Don't be alarmed: we are going to stand by the Cambria men. Think how much worse it might have been. Give thanks for that great stone bridge down there that saved hundreds of lives; give thanks that it didn't come in the night. Trust in God. Johnstown has had its Bull Run; by God's grace, it will have its Gettysburg yet."

The meeting ended with the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Father Tahney, priest of St. John's Catholic Church in Johnstown proper, which was both flooded and burned, found a place for temporary worship in the open air in front of the residence of Henry Matthews, on Gautier Street, near Sandyvale Cemetery, where those who died in the flood were buried. There was a grassy lawn sloping toward a grape-arbor. The lawn was the auditorium, and beneath the leafy shade of the arbor the priest had set up a little altar. About 150 people, including an unusual proportion of women, attended the services. The women all wept at the sight of the old priest and the rude altar. Father

Matthews said two masses. He was assisted by an acolyte in rough workman's clothing. Father Tahney made an address, in which he told the congregation to hunt up all destitute and orphan children of Catholic parents, and appointed a committee of twelve, with John Hannon for chairman, to take charge of the children and get them to Pittsburgh, where the Bishop is to see that they get homes. While the congregation were worshipping before the rustic altar beneath the arbor, workmen were placing dynamite beneath the walls of their old church, and soon afterward they came down with a mighty crash, sending a cloud of dust high in the air.

At St. Joseph's German Catholic Church, near the St. John's Church, the hallway of the parsonage was left almost whole, and in this about 100 persons, left from a once large congregation, gathered before a little altar dressed with paper flowers and with one candle, where Fathers Kerbeman and Aldo said four masses. The people knelt upon a floor still damp from the flood. Above them on the walls, were water-stained pictures of the crucifixion and the immaculate conception.

The little band that remains of the two Catholic churches of Cambria City met in St. Columba's Church, the only one in that city in a condition to be used. The floors were dirty and broken, and the water-mark on the walls was high above the people's heads. Father Trautwine, pastor of St. Mary's Church, said four masses, assisted by Father Davin of St. Columba's. Father Smith of Ebensburg told the people that the fact that their friends

had died invoking the mercy of God would compensate for the fact that the last rites were not administered. He advised every one to go to work to fix up their houses, and by no means to think of deserting the place. He especially warned them of selling their property to men who are going about seeking to profit by the disaster by getting real estate at low prices.

"A year's hard work," he said, "will restore the value of your property. You have lost much; seek to gain more."

In the ruins of St. Mary's Church in Cambria City many Catholics knelt during the day in the mud in front of the statue of the Virgin, supposed to have been miraculously preserved amid the flood. The statue now rests upon the floor, framed in a wooden arrangement imitating a niche, set diagonally in a corner at the left of the altar. The statue is uninjured, even the delicate lily in the Virgin's hand being as pure and white as ever. A brown band upon the lace curtains from the floor, about eighteen inches up, shows how high the water went. Above that the curtains are unstained. The effect of the clean, bright statue in the mud-bedaubed ruins of the church is very startling. The explanation of the phenomenon is that the statue before the flood stood upon a pedestal several feet above the floor, which kept it up above the water. The pedestal was smashed, but held the statue up until the water subsided. When it was removed and the statue lowered.

In St. Columba Church the people were released from observance of fast days for the present, and

advised to eat all the hearty food they could get, to preserve their strength as much as possible.

The German Lutheran Church has the best preserved auditorium of any church in the valley, owing to the fact that the auditorium was built well up, with a Sunday school room below. The Sunday school room is a complete wreck, with grass already sprouting rankly in the muck on the floor.

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## RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DISASTER.

THE FISHING-CLUB WARNED YEARS AGO THAT THEIR DAM WAS DANGEROUS.

MANAGER Fulton of the Cambria Iron Company, by his statement this morning, places the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club in a worse light than ever as to responsibility for the disaster which has desolated the Conemaugh valley.

"I hold in my possession now," he said, "a report that I made to these men years ago, in which I told them that their dam was dangerous, and would some day cause just such a disaster as this."

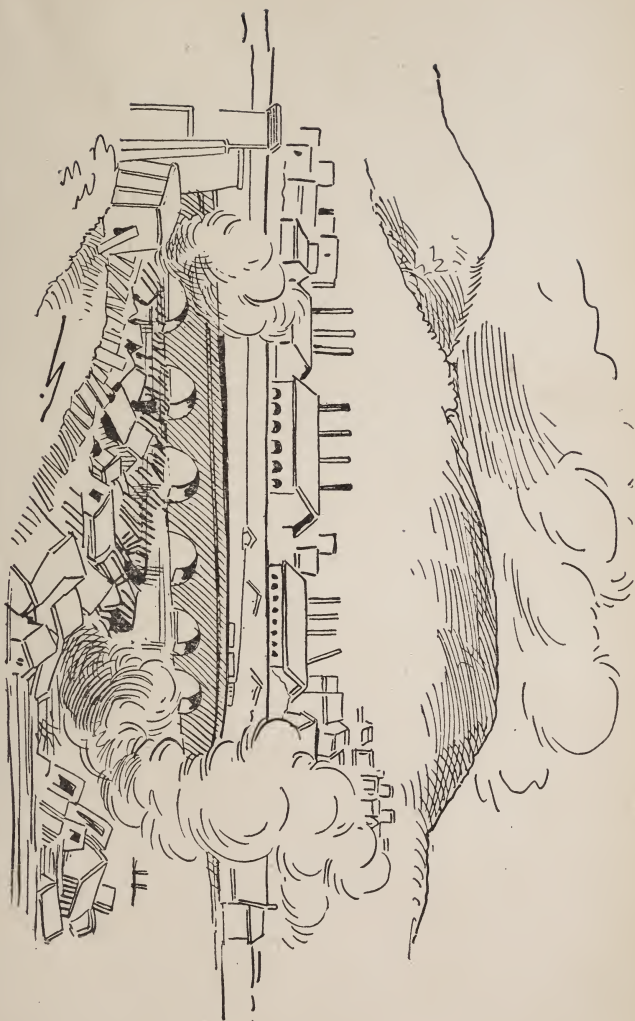
Engineers of recognized high standing have already not only endorsed all that *The Sun* said about the outrageously weak character of the dam, but have pointed out in it additional faults of construction to which *The Sun* did not refer. No engineer who has yet examined the wreck of the dam has failed to denounce it as a death-trap, and among

these is included at least one who, before he had visited the place, had committed himself by a statement that the dam was probably a safe one. Beyond this it appears now that when the dam was new the State authorities considered it so unsafe that they never allowed over fifty feet of water in it. The fishing club had it so fixed that they could never have less than sixty-five or seventy feet.

Mr. Fulton's statement makes it evident that the club had ample and expert warning of the dangerous condition of their dam, and that they either wilfully neglected it or satisfied themselves with repairs that were entirely inadequate to the demand. It is asserted that the liability of the club is only \$35,000, that being the amount of their capital stock. If this be so it may occur to some one who thinks this liability small in comparison with the loss to include the owners of the lake, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, from whom the fishing-club leased it, as defendants in the suit. Back of them still is the State of Pennsylvania, which built the dam. Altogether there is a good chance for lawyer's big fees before the responsibility for the disaster is finally fixed or evaded. Whatever may be the legal responsibility, the bitter feeling over the affair is directed entirely against the fishing-club, which, purely for their own and exclusive pleasure, vastly increased, if they did not legally create, the danger which has proved so fatal. It would be unsafe for any person known to be a member of the club to visit any part of the valley now, and threats are even made that vengeance will seek them out should they fail to come to meet it. Coronors' inquests in



DRIFTING ABOVE BRIDGE—SHOWING CAMBRIA IRON CO.'S WORKS.—217.





three or four different counties will undoubtedly hold the club responsible for the disaster.

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## INCIDENTS IN THE RUINED CITY.

### THE WRECKED TRAIN ON ITS WAY TO PITTSBURG —HARD WORK FOR THE SOLDIERS.

The toughest-looking train that ever passed over the Pennsylvania Railroad went through this place last evening on its way to Pittsburg. It was what was left on wheels of the trains wrecked at Cone-maugh. There was an Adams Express car, with its side smashed in; after which came an ordinary Pennsylvania day car, one side of which was smashed in on a line with the windows across the whole length of the car. It looked as though another car had been flung sideways against it, the corner striking straight across the windows. A mail car, with its side smashed, followed, and then the oddest thing of all came—a Pullman vestibule car, apparently unharmed, and with its porter in clean, bright uniform, standing upon the platform, gazing unconcernedly over the wreck. An ordinary Pennsylvania day car, looking as good as new on the outside, ended the train.

About twice a day a story of some one having been found alive in the ruins is started. Yesterday it was a mother and a three-days' old babe, alive and well. This morning the story went that thirteen persons had been recovered alive from one

building. If the world were to come to an end, some Pittsburg reporters would feel compelled to add particulars of a pestilence among the angels to their story of the event.

Kerosene is being used upon the débris to make it easier to burn.

Soldiering is no fun at Johnstown now. The military encampment is upon a strictly business basis. There is no dress parade, no guard mount, and no drill. The tents of the single regiment are scattered all over and around the town. One post is two miles out on a country road. Another detachment is at Somerset, twenty miles away, to prevent people who have no business here from coming in on the trains. The number of men is so insufficient for the work, that in some cases men have been kept on post for twenty-four hours at a stretch. Rations have run short at times, dependence being solely upon relief supplies.

Relatives of Miss Bessie Ryan, who, with Miss Paulson, was lost from the day express at Cone-maugh, have been for a week seaching for her body. To-day it was discovered through some jewelry that had been taken from it before burial. The body was the third one found at Woodvale after the flood, and was buried in Grand View Cemetery. Her relatives had the body taken up, and will carry it to her home in Philadelphia. She had been attending a wedding at Pittsburg, and was on her way home when caught by the flood.

The Western Union Telegraph office, which has been located since the flood in a 10x15 coal-shed at the south side of the railroad bridge, has new quar-

ters in one of the ruined buildings near the Pennsylvania station.

James Conaghey, who owned \$250,000 worth of real estate in Johnstown, the accumulation of years of close and almost miserly economy, died yesterday of injuries received in the flood. Of his family, his wife and one son were drowned, another son had both legs broken and died, and one daughter was drowned, another badly injured, and the third daughter alone is safe. All his houses were carried away, and his property practically ruined by the flood.

Nellie Steiner, a pretty young clerk in a Johnstown store, was buried at Nineveh a few days after the flood, a body found there being identified as hers. A day or two later another body found in Johnstown proper was also identified as that of Nellie Steiner, and the young lady was duly buried a second time. Now Nellie Steiner has been found alive in a suburb at the house of a relative, where with her mother she had gone before the flood came, and had fallen sick, so that she was not seen about after the flood.

## THE HEALTH OF JOHNSTOWN.

DR. GROFF, OF THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH, SAYS  
ALL DANGER OF PESTILENCE HAS PASSED.

THE two large hospitals here, the Cambria and the Bedford, have but little to do now, but the large corps of physicians are kept very busy. At the Cambria Hospital, 16 persons injured by the flood were cared for, and but two died, Miss Maggie Hughes and Mrs. Willower. Since the flood, over 500 persons have received the attention of the physicians at this institution, directly or indirectly caused by the flood. Several women who nursed some of the injured became ill, and one of them may not recover.

At the Bedford Hospital, 362 injured persons were cared for, and, when they could be removed safely, were taken to Pittsburg hospitals. Only three patients were brought to the hospital to-day. They received slight injuries while at work clearing away the débris. Over 600 persons were furnished medicine and attention by the physicians in charge of the hospitals.

The tent hospitals have been practically abandoned, as none of them have had a case for several days. The health of the valley is unusually good, notwithstanding reports of threatened epidemic. The following bulletin, issued by the State Board of Health, was posted to-day in every conspicuous place about the town:



## "HEALTH BULLETIN.

"The general condition of health in Johnstown and vicinity is excellent. No epidemic disease of any kind prevails, nor is it expected that any will arise. The whole region has been divided into convenient districts, and each placed under a competent sanitarian. The State Board of Health is prepared to meet all emergencies as they arise. The air is wholesome, and the water generally pure. If the good people of the devastated district will go on as they have nobly done for the past week in their efforts to clean up the wreckage, good health will certainly be maintained.

"GEORGE G. GROFF."

Dr. Groff has made a careful inspection of the drift in the river at the stone bridge, and reports that there is no probability of any contamination of the water supply of the towns below from this source. He says the number of bodies in the river cannot be large. The valleys have been swept so clean by the great floods that the river waters are now purer than before the disaster. There is a difference in the contaminating power of decomposing organic matters. That from bodies dead of contagious disease would be far more dangerous than that from bodies which were of healthy persons. As it is, the bodies in the river are generally covered with from one to six feet of mud and sand. This earthy matter absorbs all effluvia and acts as the best disinfectant. There is no present danger to the water supply of Pittsburg at Johnstown.

The only present danger is from people being frightened into sickness by sensational reports.

"You may state for me," said he, "that there are more doctors here than patients. The general health of the people in the town is excellent—much better than I expected. I expected more sickness than there is. I really looked for an epidemic of some kind. It would have broken out, however, before this time if any was to come; and for this reason I feel perfectly safe in issuing the above bulletin. There is hardly any typhoid fever in the town and but little pneumonia. The fears of an epidemic of diphtheria are unfounded. There are a few cases of sore throat, but they are not serious enough to cause any alarm. Every effort is being made to have people move out of their houses and into tents. Plenty of tents will be furnished by the State. Living in the open tents in the open air is more conducive to good health than residing in close, damp houses. The water is generally good and the air is pure. I will say again that residents of Pittsburg and the cities below need not fear to drink the river water. There is no danger of its being contaminated."

Dr. John S. Miller and Dr. F. M. Strouse are in charge of the Red Cross outposts, which are located in the very midst of the ruins. The flag of the Red Cross on a white field of tents, waving upon the main tent, is a welcome sign of refuge to the many workmen who are suddenly stricken while at work on the ruins. None of their cases are very serious, only ordinary complaints caused by a change of food. After a short rest they gen-

erally return to their work. The tents are usually well filled. The tents were warm and close to-day, but this is due to the hot weather. A stiff breeze is blowing this evening, and is doing much to alleviate the sufferings of the men.

THE END.

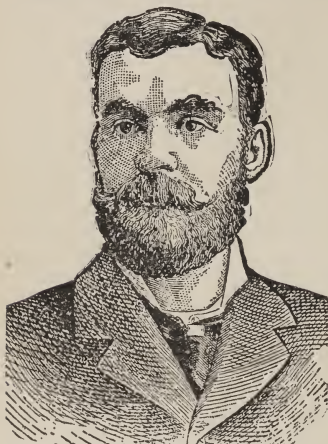
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[HON. JAMES A. WESTON, *Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, in a note to the Publisher.*]

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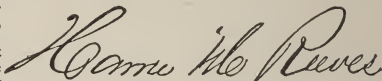
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[*N. Y. Daily Witness.*]

"The salient advantages of Gaskell's system are its legibility, rapidity and beauty. \* \* \* There is no style of writing, plain or ornamental business or epistolary, for lady or gentleman, which is not included in this admirable system. And we think that if anything at all could fire an indifferent writer with a desire to become an expert and elegant penman, an inspection of Mr. Gaskell's system would do so."



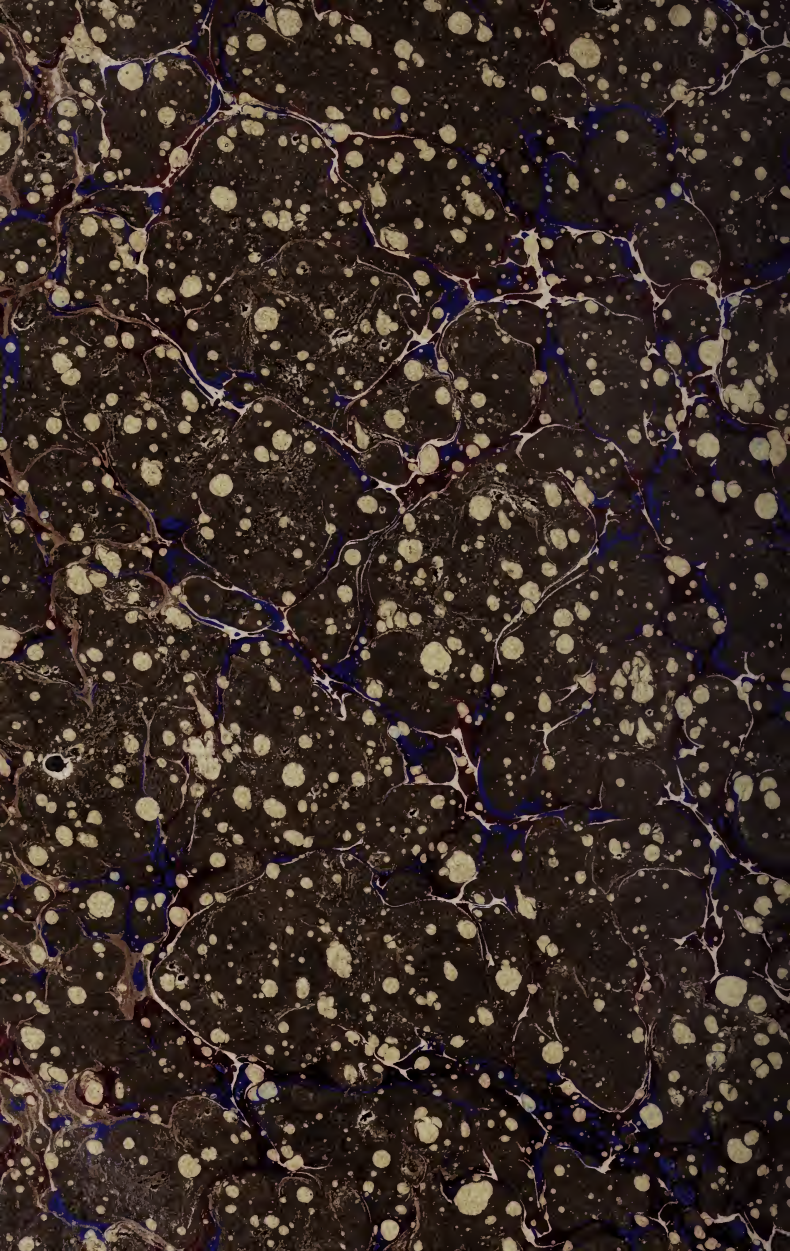
Former Style.



Present Style.











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